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CHRIST A ROCK.

1 Cor. x. 4.—"For they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ."

By figurative representations some of the most important instructions of divine revelation are communicated. Under the typical dispensation of Moses especially, there was scarcely any public act, occurrence or institution, which did not import more than at first appeared; and while it served some obvious present purpose, did not point also to some more remote and hidden, but yet more spiritual and important object or end. This spiritual signification of the ancient Jewish symbols, though it was often perceived, and was highly beneficial to the believing Israelites, was not intended merely, nor perhaps principally, for their benefit. It is under the gospel dispensation that the intention of all the types is most clearly unfolded; so that by viewing them in retrospect, and with the advantage derived from the light of the gospel, more may be discovered by a Christian than could be known to a Jew. To aid us in this useful investigation, the inspired writers of the New Testament often become our teachers and guides. They frequently advert to the Hebrew scriptures for the illustration and enforcement of what they deliver: and thus by a kind of double revelation, the wisdom of God is most conspicuously displayed, the faith of believers most powerfully confirmed, the beauty of sacred truth most engagingly exhibited, and its whole design most fully accomplished. Among innumerable passages which show the truth of this representation, the text is one of the most striking.

The apostle labours in the context to excite a holy circumspection in the Corinthian Christians, lest slighting or misimproving their peculiar privileges, they should lose the blessings which these privileges were calculated to convey. With this view, he points their attention, both for encouragement and warning, to the history of the people of Israel under the conduct of Moses in the wilderness. Speaking, in this connexion, of the miraculous supply of water which followed them on their journey, he denominates it "spiritual drink;" and then to explain the reason of his giving it this appellation, he says—"For they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ." By a figure of speech, too frequent in its use and too obvious in its import to be misapprehended, the people are here said to have drunk of the *rock* that followed them, instead of the *water* which flowed from it; and

the attention is awakened to investigate the meaning of the bold and comprehensive metaphor which is used, when the apostle affirms that this rock was Christ.

To unfold the intention of this metaphor, and explain and apply the design of the whole expression, is the object of the present discourse. In doing this, it will be useful, in order to avoid the danger of torturing the figurative language of the inspired penman to a meaning foreign to his own, to consider attentively the *spiritual truth* intended to be conveyed; to state this truth distinctly and summarily at once; and then to recall the sensible images, only for the purpose of illustration or enforcement. Agreeably to this, let it be carefully remarked, that there are three distinct things comprehended in the type we consider. First, —The rock, which was the source, or fountain, from which the water flowed: Secondly—The streams themselves, by which the thirst of the people was allayed, and their strength invigorated: Thirdly—The ultimate object for which the whole was done; namely, to conduct the Israel of God to the promised land. Now, as the apostle asserts that this rock was Christ, I think the propositions of evangelical truth corresponding to the sensible and temporal things just stated, are plainly the three following—

I. That the believer's hope of salvation must derive its very origin from Christ Jesus, or be placed on him alone.

II. That a resort must constantly be made to the never-failing fulness of the Saviour, for all those supplies of grace and strength, which are necessary to refresh and invigorate the Christian, in his passage through the world.

III. That the ultimate design, and the sure result of all, is, that the faithful disciple of Christ shall at length possess the heavenly inheritance.

After speaking very briefly to each of these points, the discourse shall be concluded with a practical application.

First, then, we are to consider—That the believer's hope of salvation must derive its very origin from Christ Jesus, or be placed on him alone. As the rock smitten by Moses furnished the fountain, from which sprang forth the water which saved the thirsty Israelite from death, so Christ, when "stricken, smitten of God and afflicted," poured forth that blood of the atonement, which alone can save from eternal death, the perishing soul, which hastens to it for relief. Hence the Saviour himself, "in the last day, that great day of the feast, stood and cried—if any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." His atonement and righteousness only, are the "fountain opened to the house of David and inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness." Or if, taking another figure furnished by the sacred writers, you view this rock, not as a fountain, but as a foundation, on which the hope of eternal life is built,—then we are assured that "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ—Behold I lay in Zion a chief corner stone, elect, precious; and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded. Ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." But, my brethren, to the fountain contemplated none will come, on the foundation laid in Zion none will rest, till the absolute necessity of doing it is felt, in a manner the most urgent and pressing. Till a sinner see clearly and undoubtingly, that without a vital union with Christ he is sure to perish, he will never embrace the Saviour "as all his salvation and all his desire." Without such a perception indeed, it

is impossible that the necessary application should be made. How great is the number of those who enjoy the gospel, to whom the Redeemer never appears precious? They hear the declarations of his suitableness, and the invitations of his grace, without interest or concern. Asleep in their sins, they perceive not the burning gulf that is working beneath them, and therefore see no necessity of escaping for their lives to a place of safety. Nor is it enough merely that the sinner be alarmed. Many have had their fears excited, who have never "fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before them" in the gospel. If the awakened conscience be quieted with the belief that some tears of penitence, a partial reformation, or abstaining from gross sins, will be sufficient—nay, if making many prayers, attending on all ordinances, attempting all duties, and exhibiting an unexceptionable deportment, be relied on as the meritorious cause of acceptance with God, the sinner is miserably deluded. Ah! my brethren, this specious self-righteousness, in whatever way, and many are the ways, in which men attempt to build upon it, is not the rock which will sustain the fabric of your eternal hopes. Here is "the sandy foundation," against which our Lord himself hath warned us; and whoever builds upon it, will find that in the day of trial, when the wind shall blow, and the storm shall beat, and the floods shall come, this "refuge of lies" will be swept away, and he who had taken shelter in it will be lost in the abyss of final ruin. But when, under the influences of the Spirit of grace, an effectual conviction of guilt takes hold on the conscience of a sinner; when he sees the depths of depravity which exist in his very heart and nature, and the violations of the holy law of God which have filled up his whole life; when he sees that he can offer no excuse and make no escape; when he is made impressively sensible that nothing he can do, or work out of himself, can be any recommendation of him to the divine favour; when he realizes that an infinite atonement and a finished righteousness is what he needs, and must have, or be undone forever; then in very deed he is "shut up unto the faith" of the gospel. And when, by the enlightening and regenerating influences of divine grace, he is made to discern clearly, that "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth;"—that in him there is all that can be asked in a Saviour; that the veracity of God offers him even to the chief of sinners who will accept him freely; that "whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life;" and when the will and affections fully and delightfully approve of this plan and offer; then the soul is won to Jesus. Then, throwing away with abhorrence every remnant of his own righteousness, abandoning every plea, and every hope, and every wish of deliverance from any other quarter; viewing with holy rapture the glory of God displaying its splendours in the gospel plan of salvation, the sinner grasps the Saviour as his all—choosing with infinite preference that Christ should be "made of God unto him wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption;" then the soul is founded on the *rock Christ Jesus*—the rock of ages, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. Now, "being justified by faith, the believing penitent has peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ"—The sweet sense of this "peace which passeth all understanding," the joy which arises from the humble confidence of pardoned guilt, the assurance that sin shall not have dominion over him, and that all that God hath promised he is not only able but assuredly engaged to perform; this is the first draught of the fountain of life flowing from the rock Christ Jesus, which rejoices and enlivens

that which a little before was a weary and heavy laden spirit. But still, though the believer be thus comforted and strengthened for the present, the wilderness is not yet passed; it is only entered, and through it lies yet before him the tedious and trying journey which leads to the heavenly rest—And, therefore, I have said—

II. That a resort must constantly be had to the never-failing fulness of the Saviour, for all those supplies of grace and strength, which are necessary to refresh and invigorate the Christian in his passage through the world.

Speaking of our blessed Lord, the author of our text asserts that "it hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell:" yea, that "in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily:" And the apostle John affirms, that "of his fulness have all we received and grace for grace." By the most various and impressive language of inspiration is the doctrine taught and inculcated, that all the spiritual wants of the believer are provided for in the Redeemer, and that from him relief is to be sought and obtained. Like the unfailing and inexhaustible streams that followed the chosen people of Heaven through all the dry and inhospitable deserts which they had to pass; so the streams of divine grace which flow from the fulness of their redeeming God, follow his chosen ones through all the thorny and thirsty wilds of their mortal life: And happy is it, beyond estimation, that such is the fact; for their wants are both numerous and incessantly recurring. He can only have entered the school of Christ, who supposes that when a vital union with him is effected, every difficulty is past. Alas! they who know most by experience of the Christian course, can tell most of the various difficulties that lie in the way. When, indeed, a full draught has been received of "the water of life," whether at the beginning of a converted state, or after much progress in it, the soul is so cheered and satisfied, that it seems as if distress was gone forever. Like one who has just extinguished all his natural thirst by drinking largely at a pleasant fountain, the idea can scarcely be realized that the painful sensations, now completely removed, will speedily return. The present relief is so complete, that it seems as if it must be lasting. But in both cases the event is the same. As the natural refreshments which we take to-day, however agreeable or abundant, will not serve us for to-morrow, so in the spiritual life, no comforts or cordials of which we have tasted in time past, will suffice us for the time to come. "Give us day by day our daily bread"—is a petition not more applicable to the body than it is to the soul. It was not more necessary for the Hebrew in the wilderness to go daily, and more than once in a day, to "the rock that followed him," than it is for the Christian pilgrim, in the wilderness of this sinful world, to go as frequently to the rock of his salvation,—to the fulness of Christ, there to beg and to receive the supply of his new necessities.

It is an important advice given by the penman of the text, in his epistle to the Colossians, "as ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord so walk ye in him:"—That is—"Be careful to preserve inviolate the union that is formed between your souls and the Redeemer; and in the same manner in which you came to and embraced him at first, continue to come, to the end of life—Continue, after you have known him ever so long, to receive him by the acts of faith, just as you received him at first; as a complete Saviour, to pardon freely all your sins, and to quicken, sanctify, uphold and preserve you." The present state, my Christian brethren, was intended to be a constant trial of the faith and

patience of the saints. The world, the flesh and the devil, are their enemies; and in all the multiform ways in which they can produce annoyance, it will to the very last be experienced. A volume would scarcely suffice to delineate all the difficulties and distresses, all the doubts, fears, conflicts and temptations, that may assail the Christian pilgrim who has set his face toward Mount Zion above. But blessed be God, there is not one case, nor one situation, in which a child of his ever can be placed, but there is provision made for it in the covenant of grace, in the fulness of Christ. To him, therefore, let the constant resort be made; to him let the importunate application be incessantly addressed; and though for a time, and for a trial of faith, he may seem to refuse, yet in the end he will assuredly afford relief. If your necessities, Christian brethren, be frequent, numerous and pressing, let your entreaties be as frequent, numerous and pressing as your wants. When you suffer most, imitate your Saviour in his agony, and cry to him the more earnestly. When you are the most thirsty, come the most frequently to the fountain:—"To him that is athirst will I give (saith Christ,) of the fountain of the water of life freely." And to thy Saviour, in the hour of death, as in every past hour, be thy soul, O believer! committed; and he will not fail either to cheer it by his sensible presence, or to keep it in safety by his almighty power. For we are now to show—

III. That the ultimate design and the sure result of all this provision of grace is, that the faithful disciple of Christ shall, at length, possess the heavenly inheritance.

The miracle which was wrought by the instrumentality of Moses to supply the camp of Israel with water, was only a mean necessary to an important end. The God of their fathers had engaged to give them the land of Canaan for an inheritance and possession.—To preserve them from death, in crossing the parched and barren regions which lay between them and the promised land, the waters were made to flow at their side. The relief which these waters afforded from threatening death, and the temporary comforts which they produced in a sultry climate, were indeed blessings in themselves; but still they were only preparatory to greater and more durable blessings in reserve. They were but the indispensable provision for those who were travelling to a fixed home and a settled rest, and were given to insure an arrival there. There, when they arrived, they would, in place of a solitary stream, find "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil-olive and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness; thou shalt not lack any thing in it." Just so the supplies of divine grace which are now afforded to the Christian, are only a foretaste and presage of better things to come. They are given to strengthen him on his way to the heavenly Canaan, to the rest which remaineth for the people of God, and to insure its eventual possession. This is the declaration of our Lord himself—"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." That is—"The graces of the divine Spirit, given to those who truly believe on me, shall produce within the possessor a source of happiness that shall ultimately extinguish every uneasy desire after it—for these graces shall continue and increase till they terminate in that

everlasting life of which they are the earnest, and of which they insure the possession."

Yes, beloved brethren, to whomsoever the special grace of God is imparted, it insures eternal glory as the consequence. This is the divine purpose in the gift, and nothing can prevent its accomplishment. Hence, saith the apostle, "he which stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God. Who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." And the divine Saviour declares—"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them and they follow me: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them me is greater than all, and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand—I and my Father are one." The most of those indeed who left the land of Egyptian bondage under Moses fell, through unbelief, in the wilderness; and this should serve as a solemn admonition to all professing Christians to guard against the same evil—For the apostle warns us in the context—"That all these things happened unto them for ensamples; and they are written for our admonition npon whom the ends of the world are come—Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." But though many nominal and visible Christians who have partaken of all ordinances in the church on earth, shall never be admitted to the church triumphant above, still it is a truth, that none of the real people of God shall fall, as the faithless Israelites did in the wilderness—He who is able to make them stand will still uphold them; will recall them from all their wanderings; will preserve them from all their enemies; will at length bring every individual to the Canaan above; and confer upon them "an inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." There their sorrows, their sufferings, and their sins, shall cease together; and they shall drink of the rivers of pleasure that flow at God's right hand. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light upon them nor any heat. But the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes:—and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

It now remains to apply the subject.

In the first place, then—From what you have heard, let professing Christians be exhorted to examine with frequency and care, whether they have truly rested their souls on the rock Christ Jesus. Many, we are assured will, in the day of final retribution, say—"Lord, Lord, have we not eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets"—to whom he will profess, "I never knew you; depart from me, all ye that work iniquity." And how dismaying, beyond conception, must be the rejection and condemnation of those who have gone into eternity confidently expecting to meet the plaudit and acceptance of their judge? Let us, then, my Christian brethren, with frequent and jealous scrutiny, examine whether we have been taught and enabled to place our salvation truly and wholly in the hands of Christ: whether we have felt, and do constantly feel, that we are infinitely vile and ununworthy in ourselves, and in consequence of this, are looking to him, and depending on him as our all: whether we do earnestly desire that he would help us to contend against all sin, and that he would more and more deliver us from it: whether he appears as a precious Saviour to our souls, because he is "to save his people *from* their sins:" whe-

ther we do resolve to cleave to him and his ways, in all the acts of holy obedience, even to the end of life—looking to him while we thus resolve, "to work in us both to will and to do of his own good pleasure," and to "keep us by his almighty power through faith unto salvation." If this be the temper and these the exercises of our minds—however we may mourn our darkness and our difficulties—we have good reason to hope that we are founded on the rock Christ Jesus, and that our hope shall never make us ashamed. But if, on the contrary, we are seeking justification by the deeds of the law, and do not feel most sensibly, that without a vital union with Christ by faith, we must perish: if the Saviour do not constantly appear necessary and sometimes precious to us; if we do not feel our obligations to obey all the laws of God; and yet, after all we have done, that we are emphatically unprofitable servants:—or if we are resting on some supposed spiritual views which we *once* had, while we do not most earnestly seek *new* views of Christ and his fulness, nor endeavour to walk as he hath commanded; then truly we have reason to fear that we have "neither part nor lot in this matter." Let all such be exhorted, as they value their eternal peace, to take no peace to themselves, till they obtain it on other grounds than those on which it is now resting.

Secondly, Nearly allied to what has just been stated, is the application which should be made of this subject, by awakened and inquiring souls. Let them be most earnestly entreated to take up with nothing as satisfying, short of good evidence that they have been truly brought to rest on the Saviour alone, and are consequently his in the everlasting covenant of his grace. Better to bear the pains of a wounded conscience till they are healed by the blood of Christ, than to have them healed slightly by any other remedy. Cease to seek justification by your own efforts or obedience. Come, at once, to the Fountain which can cleanse you from all your stains. Are you altogether vile—altogether unworthy—altogether helpless? Just such the Redeemer came to save—As such you are invited to go to him for salvation. If you ever attempt to come to him in any other character than this, he will reject you. If, therefore, you feel this to be your character, that sentiment exactly suits your case to the Saviour, and the Saviour to your case. To you he must be precious—Throw yourselves entirely upon him, and he will not reject you. "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money come ye buy and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not. Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your souls delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear and come unto me; hear and your souls shall live: and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."

Thirdly, The subject which we have been discussing applies itself, in a peculiar manner, to the people of God—urging them to "abide in Christ," and to animate themselves with the sure prospect of the heavenly inheritance. Hear, my brethren, the words of the divine Jesus—"Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself unless it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me. I am the vine ye are the branches; he that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing." Truth, blessed Saviour! without thee we can do nothing. Help us, therefore, by thy grace constantly imparted; and then, "through thy strengthening us, we can do all things." Christians, let

us never exchange the holy delight which arises from a life of faith on the Son of God, for any of the polluted pleasures of the world. Let us live simply upon him; and under all the trials we may bear for his cause, or meet with in his service, let us solace ourselves with anticipating that heavenly rest, which shall, in a few fleeting days, succeed to all our toils, and which will be the sweeter for every painful sensation we now endure.

Finally—The import of this subject, to those who are yet "at ease in Zion," is both awful and alluring. It is awful, as it indicates their danger; it is alluring, as it exhibits, in the most attractive view, the way of escape. Christless sinner! thou art in the midst of a howling wilderness, in which thou wilt certainly perish, if thou dost not flee to the rock of salvation. Thy outward enemies, Satan and the world—and thy inward diseases corruptions and lusts, that produce a mortal fever in the soul; all conspire thy eternal ruin; and they will certainly prevail, unless Christ be thy refuge, Christ thy captain, Christ thy physician, Christ thy sole reliance, Christ the water of life to thy perishing immortal spirit. Behold, then, this hour he offers to be all this to thee. On thy peril, refuse not the offer. By the worth of thy soul, by the value of heavenly rest, by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus, I exhort, charge and entreat thee, hasten to the Saviour—But why do I speak of my entreaties?—Listen to and embrace with unutterable gratitude, the invitations of the whole church, and of the Spirit of grace—"For the Spirit and the bride say, come—and let him that heareth say come—and let him that is athirst come—and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely." Amen.

From the Evangelical Magazine.

THE EYE OF THE LORD.

"The eye of JEHOVAH is upon them that fear him."—Ps. xxxiii. 18.

Next to the tongue, there is no more powerful or expressive medium of imparting thought and feeling to another, than the human eye: by means of the eye we receive impressions from the numberless objects of vision, as various as our perception of the nature, character, and relations of the objects themselves, and the degree of intelligence, and mental and moral susceptibility of the mind, which is the subject of their operations: and through this medium, the same individual may communicate, by a single glance, the tenderest emotions of sympathy, affection, and pity, and the bitterest feelings of malignant hatred and contempt.

Hence, by a beautiful figure, the eye is put as the representative of those thoughts, of which it is universally the instrument. To say that the child is removed from the eye of a parent, is at once understood and felt to be a loss, which can be but feebly and imperfectly recompensed, by attention the most intelligent and conscientious, on the part of any who do not stand in the same endearing relationship, and cannot, therefore, be the subject of the same feelings, or, at any rate, to the same degree. The eye of the stranger cannot glisten with the chastened fondness of a father, nor beam with the yearning tenderness of a mother, nor convey the emotions of a sympathetic delight, which sparkle in the countenance of a faithful friend.

In all the walks of life, what so cheering and supporting amid all its

toils, what so animating to all its duties, as the mutual glance of tender affection and generous confidence? The peasant, the man of business, the man of letters, leaves his family, after their morning repast, for the duties of the day; but, at that meeting, looks were exchanged, which live and operate in the motives and conduct of the family throughout all its branches. It is not the result of a process of ratiocination of which the mind is conscious, or of a train of reasoning in which the man lays down premises and logically deduces certain conclusions, but it is nevertheless a matter of fact, of which an appeal to our own hearts will convince us. If it be not so, how is it that, if there have been any dereliction of duty, any breach of faith, at the return of that meeting the same glance is the occasion of a feeling of remorse and self-reproach; while, on the other hand, the more retired and unobtrusive duties of the family, the labour of the field, the bustle of the shop and the exchange, and the toil of the closet, find their ample reward, and their most delightful relaxation, in the renewed reciprocation of the most grateful feelings of the heart, not by words, which appear too coarse a vehicle for their communication, but by the delicate, yet powerful emotions, which sparkle from the windows of the soul?

The verse above quoted, contains an interesting and delightful fact, which, if realized by every individual, (and it ought to be realized by all who "fear God,") would produce upon their individual moral character, an effect analogous to the one we have attempted to describe—"The eye of the LORD is upon them that fear him"—the eye of that God, whose "word is right" and all whose "works are done in truth," who "loveth righteousness and judgment," and whose "goodness filleth all the earth"—beams with that expression of truth and love, which are essential attributes of his nature, upon all those who by their united reverence and confidence, prove their relationship.

What a powerful influence must such a realization have, to strengthen and support the mind in the time of *trial*, either by prosperous or adverse dispensations of Providence, to sustain and animate in the performance of *duty*, whether of a public or private nature; in the exercise of self-government, in the discipline of a family, the direction of a manufactory, or the management of a state—in the church or in the world!

May this fact be more powerfully realized by all those who delight to call upon God as their Father! And, in order to this end, let every member of the spiritual family dwell in thought upon the fact, till he feel his mind kindled, his heart warmed, and his whole moral nature influenced by the sentiment. Σ. Σ. H.

From the Evangelical Magazine.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL SONG.

Farewell to the land of my birth,
To those scenes I cannot but love;
Farewell to the dearest on earth,
Till we meet in the mansions above!

The soft, swelling breezes are nigh,
They beckon me down to the shore;
And swift will they bear me away
From the land I shall visit no more.

I could sigh, but my heart's not my own;
I could weep, but tears are forbid:
Why should I? I am not alone;
"I am with you," my Saviour hath said.

With him I embark on the deep,
A stranger to peril or fear;
His hand the rude billows will keep,
His presence will gladden me there.

"I count all things but loss" for his sake,
Who has shown such mercy to me;
I go those rich blessings to take,
And proclaim, "that those blessings are free."

Yes; the negro who weeps on the shore,
Whose colour has doom'd him a slave,
Precious balm in his wounds I will pour,
And tell him, "there's One that can save."

I'll point to the "Lamb that was slain,"
Who died that the negro might live;
Whose hand will unrivet the chain,
And the best of all freedom will give.

Oh, how do I long to convey
The glad news to the Indian shore!
Blow, breezes, and waft me away
From the land I shall visit no more.

Then, farewell thou land of my birth,
Farewell to the scenes that I love,
To the nearest and dearest on earth,
Till we join in the raptures above.

W. E.

Wimbledon.

Miscellaneous.

For the Christian Advocate.

MEMOIR OF MRS. LUCRETIA YORK.

We are assured that the facts relative to the subject of this memoir were communicated to the writer by her son, the Rev. M. M. York; who was also an eye-witness to the most of them, and the companion of his mother in her sorrows, at an age when he could afford her but little assistance. He has since been called to "rest from his labours, and his works do follow him."

The popular gust of the present day, even among religious people, so loudly demands exciting narratives, that its gratification has been attempted by religious novel writing. To this there are certainly many and strong objections. But when we can give to the public narratives of unquestionable facts and occurrences in real life, scarcely less extraordinary than those of fiction and romance, and all going to the promotion of vital piety, we at once consult the public taste, and the best, the eternal interests, of our readers. These considerations have induced us to give a place in our pages to the following rather extended memoir.

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Lucretia Miner was born in February, 1734. Her parents, Manasseh and Keziah Miner, at that time resided in Voluntown, Connecticut. In her eighteenth year she was married to Mr. Amos York. The ninth year of their marriage crowned their union with a daughter; and thus far their days had passed in tranquillity. But at this time their eldest daughter, remarkable for her attachment to her school and books, for her lovely person and amiable disposition, was suddenly taken from them by death. We suppose that Mrs. York had, ere this, experienced a change of heart; but her passions were strong, and in this event she manifested a disposition unreconciled to the Divine will. She was thus deprived of those rich consolations which a right view of her heavenly Father's hand in this dispensation might have afforded—she forgot surviving blessings, confining her thoughts and affections to the sleeping dust—magnifying her loss and her own sufferings, beyond measure. Thus, like many others when their idols are taken, she was made to say, "What have I more?"

One evening, Mrs. York was sitting, as usual, by her window, where she had often seen her little healthy Ann returning from school, and deeply affected with the idea that she must see her no more; when to her unspeakable joy, the daughter appeared, and admonished her for

mourning thus excessively on account of her death! We do not suppose that her spirit under some sensible form was really seen. Probably from extreme sorrow Mrs. York had fallen into a slumber, and was thus admonished in a dream. The occurrence, however, had the most salutary effect; she could now pray with resignation, and view her painful loss as the necessary chastening of her heavenly Father. From this hour she mourned no more.

Her children were multiplied. Four daughters and a son were added within a few years. The son, a child of many prayers, was named Manasseh Miner.

Mr. York being a considerable proprietor in the Susquehannah land purchased of the Indians, moved, in 1773, to Wysox, then in Luzerne county, now in Bradford. The summer following they were called to rejoice and to mourn, in the birth and death of a second son. As they were in affluent circumstances at that time, the family did not experience what many families do in new countries, the want of food and raiment; and far removed from scenes of luxury and extravagance, artificial wants were not created. Hence a greater share of contentment fell to their lot than is usually known in places more refined. But although they now enjoyed much, yet their days of darkness were to be many.

A considerable number of the thinly settled inhabitants were what in those days was termed *tories*, while Mr. York adhered to the opposite, or *whig* party. The time had come when every one, whether whig or tory, was obliged to take a decided stand, and Mr. York was betrayed into the hands of the savages; and here ended those days of his own and his family's temporal tranquillity.

The 12th and 13th of February, 1777, the aged will remember, was marked by a storm, in which the snow fell an unusual depth. On the 14th, Mr. York went to a neighbour's at the distance of two miles, his horse making the only solitary track. Without fear or suspicion, he entered the house of a supposed friend, receiving a more than usual hearty welcome. But it was the malicious welcome of a treacherous enemy, into whose hands, and that of the more merciful savage, he had fallen! Resistance was vain, and escape utterly impracticable; submission was the only alternative. Between forty and fifty Indians had arrived, and there had waited during the storm. Their object was not at this time to kill their enemies, but to plunder and make prisoners. Mr. York was an object of their peculiar hatred; and the Lord delivered him into their hands. Fourteen savages repaired with their captive to his house, for plunder. Their arrival was announced by the son, who saw them ascending an eminence, his father walking, while an Indian was mounted on his horse! Each member of the family ran to the door, rending the air with their agonizing cries, as the Indians' terrifying war-hoop was heard.

The sudden change from the height of tranquillity to the present distress was scarcely supportable, yet fearful anticipation painted the scene in yet more dreadful colours. What but a general massacre could they expect, armed as these savages were, with the rifle, tomahawk and scalping knives? headed by a white man, their treacherous neighbour, more refined in wickedness than themselves? But God had otherwise ordained—their cup of sorrow was not yet full; and all the family had not yet learned that the rod was in the hand of the God of Israel, who chasteneth in measure and in mercy. Their terrors were partly allayed when told they were not to die—the father must be a

captive, and their effects be plundered. The work commenced—the house was pillaged—and the beasts of burden were laden with beds, bedding, and wearing apparel. The flocks were collected, and the owner, made a slave, was compelled to drive them at the direction of the plunderers. Could the father have remained, or might the wife and children have accompanied him, the event had been less severe. But this could not be—The helpless family were left in the depth of winter, without a protector, with little clothing, bedding or provisions —not among friends, but in the land of enemies; and the next banditti, for the want of plunder, might inflict upon them every torture which their cruel hearts could devise. Let mothers who are at ease in Zion, for a moment reflect on the situation of this sister in the forest—the only earthly protector of eight children, one an infant of three weeks old!

Mr. York was compelled at night to watch the flock raised by his own industry, at the risk of his life; while he wept in silence at the sad remembrance of his wife and little ones. Nor was that a night of rest to those who remained behind. Mrs. York, however, was enabled to pray with and for her children; to commend them and the captive father, whom she was to see no more, to the protection of Israel's God; and she had faith to rely on this rock of ages, as a sure support and foundation of safety. This was her only hope and consolation, during two solitary weeks, in which they saw none but themselves!

Their first visiter was an old man, a noted tory, father of him who betrayed Mr. York, and guided the Indians to his abode. Mrs. York's eldest daughter had married a Mr. Buck; and to their great joy they saw him, at this critical moment, approaching. with three companions, for their relief. The old man begged Mrs. York to secrete him, so that Mr. Buck might not take him prisoner—adding, that his son would soon arrive with a party of Indians, and should he find his father captain Buck's prisoner, it might prove fatal to the whole family. He advised Mrs. York immediately to make her escape, and engaged that he would deter the Indians from following her. With joy she forgave, and saved the life of her enemy by secreting him—received her son-in-law with his companions—gave them an account of her situation, and they departed with all possible expedition. At the distance of about three miles, they heard the guns which announced the arrival of the savages at their abandoned habitation. The old man, as it was afterwards ascertained, was faithful to his promise; told his son that if necessary he would sacrifice his own life in defence of Mrs. York. The son listened to the father, and told the Indians they must go back again up the river, or that the white men would soon meet them in arms.

Mrs. York removed to the fort at Kingston, where she remained until the fatal Indian battle in July following. In this battle captain Buck was killed; and her daughter was left a widow, with a babe four months old. The Indians were coming to take possession of the fort; and many of them had seen Mrs. York, for she had often fed them; and yet she expected to be one of the first who would fall a victim to their rage. She therefore gathered her orphan family, repaired to the gate of the fort, and begged the sentinel to let them pass; but this he refused, as it was contrary to orders. The brave and noble colonel Butler arrived at this interesting crisis, and gave orders that she should be allowed to pass. They all travelled on foot down the river, as far as Paxtown. There she lost and interred her infant. In this she was

resigned, and heard to say, "I thank God, who made me the mother of a son to give back to him—that I had one for him to take."

In September following she returned to Wilkesbarre, and concluded to go from thence to Connecticut. Some of the disaffected white people were plunderers. Amongst the plunder at Paxtown, she had discovered one of her own beds, but the possessor refused to let her have it. She applied to the magistrate, who told her to take her own property wherever found. With this bed, and a silk dress, an old horse was purchased—the only means of conveyance to her native land, for herself, eight daughters, a son, and her orphan grandchild. They passed the first night sitting on the ground, in fearful apprehensions of the tomahawk. But after this the little band of travellers were treated with much kindness and hospitality, during their long journey; and though they subsisted on charity, they never, in one instance, had occasion to beg.

From New-Milford, Connecticut, where they experienced much kindness, a wagon was sent, unsolicited, to convey them within two days walk of her father's residence. When but ten miles from the paternal abode an old acquaintance met them, and asked Mrs. York if she had heard from her husband? She answered, no; and was then told that he had arrived at her father's, expecting to find his family there, but had died and was buried ten days ago—His death was hastened by the overwhelming thought that his family were all massacred —In those days there were no mails; and in a time of war, other means of communication with a distant frontier settlement, very rarely occurred—Every wound which had been partially healed in the feelings of Mrs. York, by the fond hope of seeing a husband and a father, was opened anew and bled afresh. After the first effusions of grief were passed, the procession of mourners walked on, to see where the deceased was laid—they found his grave—they sat around it and wept.

From this period Mrs. York became a widow indeed! She dwelt in her own hired house, and kept her family together, and with them, as their head, worshipped the God of Israel. Necessity obliged them to labour for their own support. Her children were sometimes hired out; but always returned before the commencement of the sabbath, which, with her, "they kept to the end thereof." The Bible had been her guide, her staff, and her consolation, in all her sorrows; and she taught it to her children by the way-side. When she rose, and when she lay down, Jehovah's name was invoked, his word was read, and his praise was sung; and the manifestation of his Spirit often rendered these times a foretaste of heaven.

In the year 1785, she returned to their deserted lands on the Susquehanna; and again her sorrows revived, for the inhabitants were uncivilized and unchristianized—without religion and without a sabbath! One old man and his wife were the only professors of religion in the neighbourhood. These individuals were ignorant and weak, yet hopefully pious. To them she expressed her views of religious worship, and proposed the establishment of it in their families on the sabbath. The man hesitated, on account of his inability to lead in worship; but a sense of duty overcame his scruples, and these two families agreed to meet every sabbath for the express purpose of worshipping God. Great was the joy of Mrs. York, when she saw the worship of Jehovah thus commenced in the wilderness; and though not ably, we trust it was acceptably conducted. Information being circulated, general attention to religious service took place among the few around them,

and in a measure a period was thus put to the profanation of the sabbath. The meeting was conducted by reading a selected sermon, by singing and prayer. From this time the subject of this memoir enjoyed much, in the hope and belief that God would add the influences of his Holy Spirit; that the stately steppings of her Saviour would yet be seen amongst them, and that this day of small things would be blessed in the salvation of some souls.

The burden of her prayer had long been, that the gospel might be sent to this region, and she thought her prayers were at length answered, when told that a preacher had arrived. With great joy she hastened to the place "where prayer was wont to be made." She heard the speaker with almost breathless attention, but frequently asked herself, if this was the gospel for which she had so long been praying?—She knew nothing of the man or of his profession. Most however were pleased, and another appointment was made. In the interim, there was much inquiry, but no satisfactory answers; and as yet she was a stranger to the Arminian system. She heard again; and asked herself if she had so long been praying for the gospel, and now did not know the sound thereof when she heard it? She had recourse to her companions in worship; and remonstrated against encouraging "false teachers," but it was to no effect. Her friends were carried away with the preacher's apparent zeal, and were too ignorant and weak to discern his errors of doctrine. Mrs. York, although she exposed these errors, and in many instances silenced their arguments, was left to worship God alone. This was a season as trying to her as any she had yet experienced. But as at other times, she poured out her full heart before God in prayer; and her prayers entered the ears of "the Lord God of Sabbaoth." But for about two years, the errors taught by the preacher greatly prevailed.

During this period, however, several pious families had moved into the place, and the Rev. Mr. Condiet visited them, and appointed a lecture. Mrs. York passed by a house, at the time when he was making some inquiries respecting her; and she distinctly heard one say "that is the woman;" but supposing the observation made to one of their own teachers, she passed on. Mr. Condiet however rose and followed her, and began a conversation on *principles*. She said, "I cannot approve of the principles palmed upon us for the gospel. I do not find them contained in the scriptures, and am convinced that it is my duty to use what little influence I have to counteract their baneful effects." He said, "What are the doctrines, madam, which you consider heretical?" She replied, "The doctrine that every creature has a spark of grace by nature; which goes to deny the doctrine of total depravity; a denial of the efficiency of the Holy Spirit in regeneration; a denial of the doctrines of election; the perseverance of the saints, and of justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ." Mr. Condiet told her, he agreed with her in opinion. He preached, and she knew the voice of the good Shepherd. Her joy was now such as those cannot realize, who never knew a famine—"not of bread or of water, but of the word of God."

During Mr. Condiet's stay he organized a church; a revival of religion commenced, and those of her children who had not hitherto become practically pious, with many of her neighbours, became the hopeful subjects of saving grace. Arminianism vanished like darkness before the rising sun. Not so much as one, professedly attached to that erroneous system, remained to disturb the peace of the church. Suc-

cessive missionaries visited, instructed, and built up this infant church in the order of the gospel.

At that time the county of Luzerne was as large as the whole State of Connecticut, and here was the first Presbyterian church formed within it; and the subject of our memoir lived to see an association of sixteen churches and ten ministers, within the then bounds of the county. Rev. Ebenezer Kingsbury, and Rev. Ard Hoyt, since a missionary to the Cherokee Indians, were the first ministers settled in this, at that time, moral desert. With Mr. Hoyt, Mrs. York's only son pursued his studies preparatory to the gospel ministry; and he ultimately became the pastor of the church which she had so often watered with her tears. A revival of religion commenced under his preaching, in which many of her grand children, and of her great grand children, together with many more of her neighbours, were added to the church and fellowship of the saints. Her son travelled a considerable part of the week, preaching in the neighbouring towns. She often accompanied him, and witnessed several revivals; and wherever she went, she was regarded and treated as a mother in Israel.

She always kept her own table, and was hospitable to excess. She "entertained strangers, she washed the saints' feet." Of missionaries she would say, "how beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things."

After her 84th year, she set out, as she said, to visit all her children for the last time, and went to the eastern part of Connecticut, 200 miles, and returned. Then after staying at home a few months, she rode 100 miles into the State of New York, and returned home, in August, 1821, in her 87th year. Now, she would often say, my work is done. Still she remained cheerful, active, and sociable; and as her eyesight never failed, she delighted much in reading the pages of Holy Writ. On Saturday, October 25th, when sitting with her son, she said to him, "preach the truth with faithfulness." The following day, the sabbath, she was too unwell to attend public worship. On Monday and Tuesday she was able to walk about the house; but on Wednesday she was taken extremely ill, and had a distressing day and night. Yet she remained calm and serene in her mind; and convinced that she had but a few hours to live, she said to her children, "remember what I have *heretofore* told you." She charged all around her, "go not after false doctrines; by the truth we must stand or fall; I have nothing more to say." Her funeral dress had been prepared years before, for she had long and habitually triumphed over death. She expired in the faith and hope of the gospel, on Thursday, October 30th, 1821, in the 87th year of her age.

Could any thing but the power of vital godliness have sustained this holy woman, under all the dismaying trials through which she was called to pass? Could any thing else have rendered her as useful, and in every view as estimable? Let this memoir teach the importance of sound doctrinal truth, as the source and support of the most fervent piety. Let it encourage Christians to hope and trust in God, amidst his darkest providential dispensations; assured that all things work together for good, to them who love him, and in faith plead and rely on his covenant faithfulness. Let it also animate those who patronize missionary efforts, and stimulate missionaries themselves, to vigilance, zeal, and fidelity, in the discharge of their responsible duties.

The three following short articles are from the Christian Observer of July last.

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ON THE ABSENCE OF DUE SPECIFICATION IN SERMONS.

I have frequently remarked in hearing sermons, that the preacher, in speaking of men as sinners, has not, so often as might be wished, defined what sin is, but by a sort of loose general statement has left it to be charged on the conscience by the individual himself; whereas this can only be done by a few of the more enlightened of his congregation, while the larger number are by such undefined statements enabled to throw off the charge from themselves, and suppose sin to attach only to the openly immoral and profane. If this remark be true, and has any thing of a general application (for my means of observation are very limited,) it would certainly be well to recommend to every writer or preacher of sermons to settle in his own mind what that character of sin is, of which he desires to convict his congregation by the sermon he is at that time preparing. The *common* idea of sin is, as we all know, that it is the actual violation of the divine law as contained in the second table of the Ten commandments; while the extent and spirituality of those commandments are seldom taken into the account. And, no doubt, whoever is guilty of such sins is a gross offender against God and man. But all "*ungodliness* is sin," and it is sin of the commonest kind, and is so comprehensive that it connects itself with every thing we say or do. Now, for this reason, might it not be well to use more frequently than is usual the scriptural terms *godliness* and *ungodliness*, as being more comprehensive, and at the same time more definite and distinct, than the term *sin*, when used as indiscriminately as it commonly is?

In what a vast variety of ways does *ungodliness* show itself! The root of it is unbelief; but while the sins which grow out of our constitutional and sensual appetites and passions are usually the most understood, and denominated as sin, the sins of ungodliness lie much deeper, and are far more comprehensive. They grow out of the *mind*, having their origin in the natural enmity of the heart to God. They show themselves in pride, and selfishness, and envy, and revenge, with all their thousand modifications; but especially in forgetfulness of God, in his varied aspects and bearings towards us; so as that none can flee from the charge of *ungodliness*, if the term be once understood. Thus the man who goes on his daily work or employment without any reference to that God who gives him the ability so to do, is an *ungodly* man; so also is he who makes not the word of God his rule of life, and the standard of his actions in all that he undertakes; and therefore, though it would not be easy (perhaps we may say it would be impossible) to convince an unconverted man that he is what the Scriptures declare him to be, "inclined only to evil," "born in sin and a child of wrath," yet by a little dissection of the heart, in describing sin under its various modifications, there would be a greater probability of alarming the conscience, and thus, as far as human means are concerned, of inducing self-inquiry and self-condemnation. It is indeed a point of the utmost importance to convince of sin—not only to *convict*, but to *convince*—so to convince as that its odiousness in the sight of God, and its desert at the hand of God, shall be clearly seen.

And this leads me to notice another *unintentional* defect which I have frequently had to remark in the many otherwise excellent sermons I

have heard: the *sinfulness* of sin has not been sufficiently insisted on. All are ready enough to admit that they are sinners—it is an admission hardly to be avoided, even by persons the most blinded to their own character and conduct;—but to see its sinfulness in the sight of God, and in relation to the gospel of his grace; its sinfulness as it affects our fellow-creatures; and the hindrances it throws in *their* way, and in *our own*, as to the pursuit of the only true end of our being, in connexion with glorifying God in body, soul, and spirit—this is what, I think, is too seldom pointed out in sermons, and is thereby perhaps too little considered by the hearers of sermons. H.

FALSE CRITICISMS ON THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

I have been in the habit for some years past of keeping a record (no enviable, or you will perhaps think profitable, vocation) of all the bad criticisms on the New Testament which have fallen in my way. My manuscript is increasing to a portentous size, and, if it were published, might be a rather amusing piece of light reading, were not the subject too serious to allow of an unmixed smile, even at the self-complacent curvettings of affected scholarship. The clergyman of the church which I attend is rather fond of showing off his knowledge of Greek, by telling us how his text stands *in the original;* and many of my acquaintance seem to be considerably annoyed when he sets off upon his high horse. I fear that I am not always so much disturbed as I ought to be upon the occasion, being perhaps secretly delighted at the prospect of obtaining fresh materials for my inauspicious manuscript. Indeed, I have been so spoiled by over-indulgence in this matter, that I almost feel as if I were ill-treated, when a whole Sunday has passed over without making some addition to my treasures. I do not, however, confine myself to pulpit criticisms; though (without being particular) I prefer these, as being generally the worst. I send you two or three specimens of my collection; taking especial care, however, not to pen one that might leave in the mind of my readers any painful or trifling association.

A few years ago I heard a sermon on the text, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," Acts, xxvi. 28. "The Greek word," said the preacher, "which is here rendered *almost*, means *a little:* and the text ought to have been translated, "A little thou persuadest me to be a Christian." It might, one would think, have occurred to him, that had the English translators been capable of making such a mistake as this, they would have been totally unqualified for their office. The Bible translation is quite correct, and the only effect of the preacher's alteration was to destroy the whole force and spirit of the passage.*

My next specimen shall be from Mr. Myers's Norrisian Prize Essay on the Gift of Tongues. This essay, as you have justly stated, is one of very considerable merit, and deserves a wider circulation than academical prize essays generally meet with. It contains, however, one

* There is, indeed, another interpretation of the passage, which has received the sanction of some respectable commentators; but I think that they are mistaken. These interpreters suppose χρονω to be understood after εν ολιγω; and consider Agrippa as saying to St. Paul, ironically, "You make quick work of converting me to your faith." To which Paul answers, "Whether the work be quick or slow, I would that you were all converted."

unfortunate little note. Speaking of Acts, xi. 26, where it is said that "the disciples were called (χρηματισαι) Christians first at Antioch," Mr. Myers remarks that the verb here used is active, not passive; adding, that if this had been attended to, it would have gone far towards settling the controversy about the claim of the Socinians to the title of Christians. I do not in the least understand how this could have been the effect of Mr. Myers's criticism: indeed I do not know whether he means that it would have determined that the Socinians *were* or that they *were not* Christians. But, at any rate, he must suppose that χρηματιζειν does not signify "to be called," as it undoubtedly does.

If you will allow me to take another specimen from your own pages, I will refer you to a communication signed W. R. in your last year's volume (page 274). The writer says that *again* is not the meaning of ανωθεν, in John, iii. 3, 7. Now I do not quarrel with him for preferring the marginal reading, *from above;* it may possibly be the right one; but it does not seem to have occurred to him that there can be any doubt about this question, or that any thing may have been written respecting it by other interpreters. He says that "no where else in the New Testament is ανωθεν rendered *again*." But παλιν ανωθεν is rendered *again* in Gal. iv. 9, and *must* be so rendered. In the Apocryphal book of Wisdom, xix. 6, we find, "The whole creature in his proper kind was fashioned *again anew*," παλιν ανωθεν. And Josephus uses ανωθεν in the sense of *again*. Commentators refer us also to the authority of ancient versions, to prove that the word was understood to bear this meaning in the text before us; and they argue, from the reply of Nicodemus in ver. 4, that this was the meaning which *he* gave to our Saviour's words, understanding him to speak of being born *a second time*. The last argument is perhaps not worth much; but the reasons that are urged in favour of the common translation are, upon the whole, entitled to attention. To me they seem to be conclusive. At any rate, W. R. should have acquainted himself with them, and not have jumped so hastily to the contrary conclusion. M. J. M.

MEMORANDUM OF JOHN XVI. 8—11.

"And when He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment. Of sin, because they believe not on me; of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged." The following seems to be the natural and obvious interpretation of this passage: "After my departure from amongst you, another Comforter will arise in the world, whose office will be—first, to convince mankind of sin, because my teaching has failed of accomplishing that great end of my coming; secondly, to instruct them in righteousness, because I shall not be present on the earth, as a teacher and pattern of obedience to the law; and, thirdly, to reveal to them the doctrine of judgment, because at the very moment of my departure there is a great judgment of the world, and the prince of the world is cast out." (See chap. xii. 31.)

I think that this is the sense in which every body understands the passage at a first reading, and before he has consulted the writings of commentators. The great point to be settled, is the meaning of the word *righteousness*. Those who think that it means the righteousness of Jesus Christ (and this is the opinion of the majority of expositors),

seem to me to leave a chasm in our Saviour's argument, which the apostles would have been utterly unable to fill up. They hardly understood him when he spoke of his departure from the world (ver. 17); much less could they have divined how that departure should be a proof of his righteousness. I think, therefore, that it is better to consider our Saviour as speaking of righteousness *generally;* and I feel almost sure that this would be the first impression of any one who was not familiar with our formal systems of divinity. I have heard it objected to this interpretation, that the Greek word, which in our translation is rendered "reprove," must be taken in one sense with *sin*, and in another sense with *righteousness*. But, not to mention that this objection lies against every interpretation of the passage that I am acquainted with, it may be sufficient to observe, that no one who understands Greek would consider it to be an objection at all: for it is a frequent practice, almost an elegancy, in Greek composition, to make a string of substantives depend on a verb which in its proper sense can only connect itself with one of them. M. J. M.

The incident which is the foundation of the following tale was, we are assured, communicated to the writer, by a valued friend, as a fact, with the name of the principal character. This paper has, we believe, been published as a temperance tract; but probably many of our readers have never seen it till now, and it is worthy of the attentive perusal of all. Its simplicity and pathos have been much admired—The tale is as follows—

THE GOLD RING.

I have one of the kindest husbands: he is a carpenter by trade, and our flock of little children has one of the kindest fathers in the county. I was thought the luckiest girl in the parish, when G—— T—— made me his wife. I thought so myself. Our wedding-day—and it was a happy one—was but an indifferent sample of those days of rational happiness and uninterrupted harmony, which we were permitted to enjoy together for the space of six years. And although, for the last three years of our lives, we have been as happy as we were at the beginning, it makes my heart sick to think of those long dark days and sad nights, that came between; for two years of our union were years of misery. I well recollect the first glass of ardent spirit that my husband ever drank. He had been at the grocery to purchase a little tea and sugar for the family; there were three cents coming to him in change; and unluckily the deacon, who keeps the shop, had nothing but silver in the till; and, as it was a sharp frosty morning, he persuaded my good man to take his money's worth of rum, for it was just the price of a glass. He came home in wonderful spirits, and told me he meant to have me and the children better dressed; and as neighbour Barton talked of selling his horse and chaise, he thought of buying them both; and, when I said to him, "George, we are dressed as well as we can afford, and I hope you will not think of a horse and chaise, till we have paid off the squire's mortgage," he gave me a harsh look and a bitter word. I never shall forget that day, for they were the first he ever gave me in his life. When he saw me shedding tears, and holding my apron to my face, he said he was sorry, and came to kiss me, and I discovered that he had been drinking, and it grieved me to the heart. In a short time after, while I was washing up the breakfast

things, I heard our little Robert, who was only five years old, crying bitterly, and, going to learn the cause, I met him running towards me with his face covered with blood. He said his father had taken him on his knee, and was playing with him, but had given him a blow in the face, only because he had said, when he kissed him, "Dear papa, you smell like old Isaac, the drunken fiddler." My husband was very cross to us all through the whole of that day; but the next morning, though he said little, he was evidently ashamed and humbled; and he went about his work very industriously, and was particularly kind to little Robert. I prayed constantly for my good man, and that God would be pleased to guide his heart aright; and, more than a week having gone by, without any similar occurrence, I flattered myself that he would never do so again. But in a very little time, either the deacon was short of change as before, or some tempting occasion presented itself, which my husband could not resist, and he returned home once more under the influence of liquor. I never shall forget the expression of his countenance, when he came in that night. We had waited supper a full hour, for his return; the tea-pot was standing at the fire, and the bannocks were untouched upon the hearth, and the smaller children were beginning to murmur for their supper. There was an indescribable expression of defiance on his countenance, as though he were conscious of having done wrong, and resolved to brave it out. We sat down silently to supper, and he scarcely raised his eyes upon any of us, during this unhappy repast. He soon went to bed and fell asleep; and after I had laid our little ones at rest, I knelt at the foot of the bed, on which my poor misguided husband was sleeping, and poured out my very soul to God, while my eyes were scalded with the bitterest tears I had ever shed. For I then foresaw, that unless some remedy could be employed, my best earthly friend, the father of my little children, would become a drunkard. The next morning, after breakfast, I ventured to speak with him upon the subject, in a mild way; and, though I could not restrain my tears, neither my words nor my weeping appeared to have any effect, and I saw that he was becoming hardened, and careless of all. How many winter nights have I waited, weeping alone, at my once happy fireside, listening for the lifting latch, and wishing, yet dreading, to hear his steps at the door!

After this state of things had continued, or rather grown worse, for nearly three months, I put on my bonnet one morning, after my husband had gone to his work, and went to the deacon's store; and, finding him alone, I stated my husband's case, and begged him earnestly to sell him no more. He told me it would do no good, for if he did not sell it, some other person would sell it; and he doubted if my husband took more than was good for him. He quoted Scripture to show, that it was a wife's duty to keep at home, and submit herself to her husband, and not meddle with things which did not belong to her province. At this time, two or three customers called for rum, and the deacon civilly advised me to go home and look after my children.

I went out with a heavy heart. It seemed as if the tide of evil was setting against me. As I was passing farmer Johnson's on my way home, they called me in. I sat down and rested myself for a few minutes, in their neat cottage. Farmer Johnson was just returning from the field; and when I saw the little ones running to meet him at the stile, and the kind looks that passed between the good man and his wife; and when I remembered that we were married on the very same day,

and compared my own fortune with theirs, my poor heart burst forth in a flood of tears. They all knew what I was weeping for, and farmer Johnson, in a kind manner, bade me cheer up, and put my trust in God's mercy, and remember that it was often darkest before daylight.

The farmer and his wife were members of the temperance society, and had signed the pledge; and I have often heard him say, that he believed it had saved him from destruction. He had, before his marriage, and for a year after, been in the habit of taking a little spirit every day. He was an industrious, thriving man; but shortly after his marriage he became bound for a neighbour, who ran off, and he was obliged to pay the debt. I have heard him declare, that when the sheriff took away all his property, and stripped his little cottage, and scarcely left him those trifles which are secured to the poor man by law; and when he considered how ill his poor wife was at the time, in consequence of the loss of their child, that died only the month before, he was restrained from resorting to the bottle, in his moments of despair, by nothing but a recollection of the pledge he had signed. Farmer Johnson's minister was in favour of pledges, and had often told him, that affliction might weaken his judgment and his moral sense, and that the pledge might save him at last, as a plank saves the life of a mariner, who is tost upon the waves.

Our good clergyman was unfortunately of a different opinion. He had often disapproved of pledges: the deacon was of the same opinion: he thought very illy of pledges.

Month after month passed away, and our happiness was utterly destroyed. My husband neglected his business, and poverty began to stare us in the face. Notwithstanding my best exertions, it was hard work to keep my little ones decently clothed and sufficiently fed. If my husband earned a shilling, the dram-seller was as sure of it, as if it were already in his till. I sometimes thought I had lost all my affection for one who had proved so entirely regardless of those whom it was his duty to protect and sustain; but when I looked in the faces of our little children, the recollection of our early marriage days, and all his kind words and deeds soon taught me the strength of the principle that had brought us together.

I shall never cease to remember the anguish I felt when the constable took him to jail, upon the dram-seller's execution. Till that moment I did not believe that my affection could have survived under the pressure of that misery, which he had brought upon us all. I put up such things, of the little that remained to us, as I thought might be of use, and turned my back upon a spot where I had been very happy and very wretched. Our five little children followed, weeping bitterly. The jail was situated in the next town. "Oh George," said I, "if you had only signed the pledge, it would not have come to this." He sighed and said nothing; and we walked nearly a mile, in perfect silence. As we were leaving the village, we encountered our clergyman, going forth upon his morning ride. When I reflected that a few words from him would have induced my poor husband to sign the pledge, and that if he had done so he might have been the kind father and the affectionate husband that he once was, I own, it cost me some considerable effort to suppress my emotions. "Whither are you all going?" said the holy man. My husband, who had always appeared extremely humble, in presence of the minister, and replied to all his inquiries, in a subdued tone of voice, answered with unusual firmness, "To jail, reverend sir." "To jail!" said he, "ah, I see how it is; you have wasted

your substance in riotous living, and are going to pay for your improvidence and folly. You have had the advantage of my precept and example, and you have turned a deaf ear to the one, and neglected the other."

"Reverend sir," my husband replied, galled by this reproof, which appeared to him, at that particular moment, an unnecessary aggravation of his misery, "reverend sir, your precept and your example have been my ruin; I have followed them both. You who had no experience of the temptations to which your weaker brethren are liable, who are already addicted to the temperate and daily use of ardent spirits, advised me never to sign a pledge. I have followed your advice to the letter. You admitted, that extraordinary occasions might justify the use of ardent spirit, and that, on such occasions, you might use it yourself. I followed your example; but it has been my misfortune never to drink spirituous liquors without finding that my *occasions* were more *extraordinary* than ever. Had I followed the precept and example of neighbour Johnson, I should not have made a good wife miserable, nor my children beggars." While he uttered these last words, my poor husband looked upon his little ones, and burst into tears: and the minister rode slowly away without uttering a word.

I rejoiced even in the midst of our misery, to see that the heart of my poor George was tenderly affected; for it is not more needful, that the hardness of wax should be subdued by fire, than that the heart of man should be softened by affliction, before a deep and lasting impression can be made. "Dear husband," said I, "we are young; it is not too late; let us trust in God, and all may yet be well." He made no reply, but continued to walk on, and weep in silence. Shortly after, the deacon appeared, at some distance, coming towards us on the road; but as soon as he discovered who we were, he turned away into a private path. Even the constable seemed somewhat touched with compassion at our situation, and urged us to keep a good heart, for he thought some one might help us, when we least expected it. My husband, whose vein of humour would often display itself, even in hours of sadness, instantly replied, that the good Samaritan could not be far off, for the priest and the Levite had already passed by on the other side. But he little thought—poor man—that even the conclusion of this beautiful parable was likely to be verified. A one-horse wagon, at this moment, appeared to be coming down the hill behind us, at an unusual rapid rate, and the constable advised us, as the road was narrow, to stand aside and let it pass. It was soon up with us; and when the dust had cleared away, it turned out, as little Robert had said, when it first appeared on the top of the hill, to be farmer Johnson's grey mare and yellow wagon. The kind-hearted farmer was out in an instant, and, without saying a word, was putting the children into it one after another. A word from farmer Johnson was enough for any constable in the village. It was all the work of a moment. He shook my husband by the hand; and when he began, "Neighbour Johnson, you are the same kind friend"—"Get in," said he, "let us have no words about it. I must be at home in a trice;" for, turning to me, "your old schoolmate, Susan, my wife, will sit a crying at the window till she sees you safe home again." Saying this, he whipped up the grey mare, who, regardless of the additional load, went up the hill faster than she came down, as though she entered into the spirit of the whole transaction.

It was not long before we reached the door of our cottage. Farmer

Johnson took out the children; and while I was trying to find words to thank him for all his kindness, he was up in his wagon and off, before I could utter a syllable. Robert screamed after him, to tell little Tim Johnson to come over, and that he should have all his pinks and marigolds. When we entered the cottage, there were bread and meat and milk upon the table, which Susan, the farmer's wife, had brought over for the children. I could not help sobbing aloud, for my heart was full. "Dear George," said I, turning to my husband, "you used to pray; let us thank God for this great deliverance from evil." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I fear God will scarcely listen to my poor prayers, after all my offences; but I will try."

We closed the cottage door, and he prayed with so much humility of heart, and so much earnestness of feeling, that I felt almost sure that God's grace would be lighted up in the bosom of this unhappy man, if sighs, and tears, and prayers, could wing their way to heaven. He was very grave, and said little or nothing that night. The next morning, when I woke up, I was surprised, as the sun had not risen, to find that he had already gone down. At first I felt alarmed, as such a thing had become unusual with him of late years; but my anxious feelings were agreeably relieved, when the children told me their father had been hoeing, for an hour, in the potato field, and was mending the garden fence. With our scanty materials, I got ready the best breakfast I could, and he sat down to it with a good appetite, but said little; and now and then I saw the tears starting in his eyes.

I had many fears that he would fall back into his former habits whenever he should meet his old companions, or stop in again at the deacon's store. I was about urging him to move into another village. After breakfast, he took me aside, and asked me if I had not a gold ring. "George," said I, "that ring was my mother's: she took it from her finger and gave it to me the day that she died. I would not part with that ring, unless it were to save life. Besides, if we are industrious and honest we shall not be forsaken." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I know how you prize that gold ring: I never loved you more than when you wept over it, while you first told me the story of your mother's death: it was just a month before we were married, the last sabbath evening in May, Jenny, and we were walking by the river. I wish you would bring me that ring." Memory hurried me back in an instant to the scene, the bank upon the river's side, where we sat together and agreed upon a wedding-day. I brought down the ring, and he asked me, with such an earnestness of manner, to put it on his finger, that I did so; not, however, without a trembling hand and a misgiving heart. "And now, Jenny," said he, as he rose to go out, "pray that God will support me."

My mind was not in a happy state, for I felt some doubt of his intentions. From a little hill at the back of our cottage, we had a fair view of the deacon's store. I went up to the top of it; and while I watched my husband's steps, no one can tell how fervently I prayed to God to guide them aright. I saw two of his old companions standing in the store door, with glasses in their hands; and, as they came in front of the shop, I saw them beckon him in. It was a sad moment for me. "Oh George," said I, though I knew he could not hear me, "go on; remember your poor wife and your starving children!" My heart sunk within me, when I saw him stop and turn towards the door. He shook hands with his old associates; they appeared to offer him

their glasses; I saw him shake his head and pass on. "Thank God," said I, and ran down the hill, with a light step, and seizing my baby at the cottage door, I literally covered it with kisses, and bathed it in tears of joy.

About ten o'clock, Richard Lane, the Squire's office boy, brought in a piece of meat and some meal, saying my husband sent word, that he could not be home till night, as he was at work on the Squire's barn. Richard added, that the Squire had engaged him for two months. He came home early, and the children ran down the hill to meet him. He was grave, but cheerful. "I have prayed for you, dear husband," said I. "And a merciful God has supported me, Jenny," said he. It is not easy to measure the degrees of happiness; but, take it altogether, this, I think, was the happiest evening of my life. If there is great joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth, there is no less joy in the heart of a faithful wife, over a husband that was lost, and is found. In this manner the two months went away. In addition to the common labour, he found time to cultivate the garden, and make and mend a variety of useful articles about the house.

It was soon understood that my husband had reformed, and it was more generally believed, because he was a subject for the gibes and sneers of a large number of the deacon's customers. My husband used to say, let those laugh that are wise and win. He was an excellent workman, and business came in from all quarters. He was soon able to repay neighbour Johnson, and our families lived in the closest friendship with each other.

One evening farmer Johnson said to my husband, that he thought it would be well for him to sign the temperance pledge; that he did not advise it, when he first began to leave off spirits, for he feared his strength might fail him. "But now," said he, "you have continued five months without touching a drop, and it would be well for the cause that you should sign the pledge." "Friend Johnson," said my husband, "when a year has gone safely by, I will sign the pledge. For five months, instead of the pledge, I have in every trial and temptation —and a drinking man knows well the force and meaning of these words —I have relied on this gold ring to renew my strength, and remind me of my duty to God, to my wife, to my children, and to society. Whenever the struggle of appetite has commenced, I have looked upon this ring: I have remembered that it was given, with the last words and dying counsels of an excellent mother, to my wife, who placed it there; and, under the blessing of Almighty God, it has proved, thus far, the life boat of a drowning man."

The year soon passed away; and on the very day twelvemonth, on which I had put the ring upon my husband's finger, farmer Johnson brought over the temperance book. We all sat down to the tea-table together. After supper was done, little Robert climbed up and kissed his father, and turning to farmer Johnson, "Father," said he, "has not smelt like old Isaac, the drunken fidler, once since we rode home in your yellow wagon." The farmer opened the book: my husband signed the pledge of the society, and, with tears in his eyes, gave me back—ten thousand times more precious than ever—MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.

ANECDOTES OF PIOUS NEGROES.

From the Essex North Register.

"Thine own wickedness shall correct thee."—Jer. ii. 19.

"The sons also of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee; and all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet."—Is. lx. 14.

Illustrated in the following Anecdote with which a friend has furnished us.

A man in Kentucky, buying a slave, went to his former master, and said to him, I want you to tell me all Cuff's faults. He replied, "He has none, except he will pray." Well, says his new master, I don't like that much, but I think I can break him of that. He took him home, and made him a servant in the house. He was soon observed, every day after his work was done, retiring to the woods. His master, unobserved by him, followed one day to the spot, and overheard him, engaged in prayer for himself and his wife. He returned, but did not say any thing to him at the time. When the sabbath came, Cuff went to meeting.—When he returned, his master asked him how he liked the meeting. He answered, very well; there be good people. I thank the Lord I come here to live. His master then said to him, Well Cuff, I don't allow any praying on my ground: so you must leave off praying. I can't, says Cuff. But you must. I can't, massa. Well then, I will tie you up and give you twenty-five lashes, night and morning, till you do. I can't leave off praying, massa. So he tied him up, and gave him the twenty-five lashes, and then let him down, and Cuff went away singing,

"Soon my days will all be o'er
When I shall sin and sigh no more."

His master went into the house, and his wife said to him, Why don't you let Cuff pray if he wants to? It don't hurt us. He replied, that he would have no praying on his ground. He retired to bed, but through the agitation of his spirit he could not sleep. About midnight he awaked his wife, and asked her if she could pray for him. No, said she, I never prayed in my life. He groaned and said, Is there any one in the house that can pray for me? She replied, I don't know as there is any one but Cuff. Well, call Cuff then; I must have somebody that can pray for me. Cuff came in; and his master looked up and said, Cuff, can you pray for your master? He says, "Massa, I be pray for you ever since you let me down." The man and his wife were both soon brought hopefully to the peace of the gospel.

Who can fail to admire the Christian spirit of this suffering disciple? Though treated most cruelly, and for no fault, he says, "I be pray for you, massa, ever since you let me down." How perfectly illustrative of the Saviour's precept, "Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."—Matt. v. 44.

Who, again, can tell what firmness in duty, and perseverance in prayer will accomplish? Had Cuff yielded to the requisitions of an ungodly master, how great would have been the loss? But fearing God, more than man, how blessed the result! God will honour his devoted servants, however obscure. "I will set him on high because he hath known my name."—Ps. xci. 14.

May disciples of every grade be instructed by the example of this poor slave, and be as much more devoted than he as their privileges are greater.

We received the following from a clergyman of Virginia, who, we understood, was satisfied of the truth of the fact he stated.—EDIT.

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A negro slave in Virginia, whose name we will call Jack, was remarkable for his good sense, knowledge of the leading truths of the gospel, and especially for his freedom from all gloomy fears in regard to his future eternal happiness. A professing Christian, a white man, who was of a very different temperament, once said to him, "Jack, you seem to be always comfortable in the hope of the gospel. I wish you would tell me how you manage it, to keep steadily in this blessed frame of mind." "Why Massa," replied Jack, "I just fall flat on the promise, and I pray right up." We recommend Jack's method to all desponding Christians, as containing, in substance, all that can be properly said on the subject. Take ground on the promises of God, and plead them in the prayer of faith—pray "right up."

Review.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN MAY AND JUNE, 1834.

In showing, in our last number, the ground on which the inferior judicatories of the church may and ought to resist the unconstitutional acts of the Supreme Judicatory, it fell in our way to reply to the tyrannical and slavish position contained in the third article of the reply of the General Assembly to the protest against the decision by which the appeal and complaint of the (Assembly's) Second Presbytery of Philadelphia were sustained. We now proceed to notice the other articles of this sagacious reply. The first is thus expressed:—

"The Form of Government vests in the General Assembly the power of 'deciding in all controversies respecting doctrine and discipline,' and 'to issue all appeals and references brought before them from the inferior judicatories.'"—See Form of Gov. ch. 12, sec. 5. "Now, as the question, as to the erection and existence of the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia, came regularly before the Assembly of 1832 and 1834, by appeal and complaint from the lower judicatories,* the said Assemblies not only had a *right* to 'decide' finally, but were imperiously called upon to 'issue' the case."

Here is a *petitio principii*—a taking for granted the chief matter in dispute; and not an iota of any thing else. Every point stated in this article of the answer to the protest had been ably controverted, and as the minority conscientiously believed, had been shown not to have the constitutional support which is here asserted that it had. On the contrary, it had been shown, as the protest responded to affirmed, that the principles acted on by the Assembly were "without foundation in our form of government," and tended "to abolish the constitutional rights of Synods, Presbyteries, and church sessions—to confound and contravene those original and essential principles of ecclesiastical government and order, which constitute and characterize the Presbyterian church." We thought and said in the Assembly, that in our best

* No judicatory but the illegitimate Second Presbytery of Philadelphia, ever appealed or complained to the Assembly on this subject. Why then mention *judicatories* in the plural number?—To make the thing look more constitutional?

judgment, it had been shown to a moral demonstration, by Mr. Winchester, in his unanswered and unanswerable speech, that according to the plain doctrine of our constitution, there was neither appeal nor complaint regularly before the Assembly—the cause could not be brought there in this form, and it was therefore *coram non judice.* We are glad to find that Mr. Winchester's speech has been published, and we hope it will be extensively circulated and read. It presents some lucid views of the constitutional doctrine, relative to appeals and complaints, which has been too often overlooked and disregarded. The basis of his argument is this—"That it is only from the decisions of a judicatory sitting as a court for *judicial* business, that appeals and complaints can constitutionally be entertained; and that from acts of judicatories in their *legislative* capacity, no appeal or complaint can constitutionally lie." He elsewhere shows clearly, that the constitutional remedy for legislative errors is provided for, in the section entitled "General Review and Control."

It is noticeable how adroit the members of the Assembly's Presbytery are, and always have been, to get every thing before the Assembly under the form of an appeal or complaint. In the memorable Barnes' case, in which this whole controversy originated, we proposed, and a majority of the Presbytery to which all the parties then belonged, agreed, to refer the whole subject to the decision of the General Assembly. We really hoped that this would have been concurred in unanimously; because we knew the friends of Mr. Barnes wished the case to go up to the Assembly. Yes, but they did not wish it to go by *reference,* but by appeal and complaint, that when the matter came to a vote, not only the representatives of the Presbytery, but perchance those of the whole Synod of Philadelphia, might be put out of the house. Accordingly an appeal was manufactured, at the very time that the Presbytery, as such, *referred* the whole subject appealed from, to the investigation and decision of the Assembly; and the Assembly entertained the appeal. It is true the Presbytery had had the subjects in controversy before them; but so had every member of the Assembly; for the sermon which kindled the flame of discord, had been disseminated throughout the whole bounds of the church; and the members of the Synod of Philadelphia were no more parties to the trial than the other members of the house—many, if not the most of whom, had been chosen with a distinct reference to their known and avowed opinion of the matter in dispute. The same course, precisely, has been pursued by the same party from that time to the present; and in this manner have come forward all the complaints and appeals which, according to the article we consider, gave to the several Assemblies concerned, from 1832 to 1834 inclusive, "not only the *right* to decide, but imperiously called upon them to issue the case." We affirm that if the plain doctrine of the constitution had been regarded, not one of those appeals and complaints would have been considered and treated as *regularly* before the Assembly; and this is shown beyond reasonable controversy in the speech of Mr. Winchester, to which we have referred, which was heard by the Assembly, and to which not even a plausible reply was or could be made.

The second article of the reply to the protest is in these words:—

"The minutes of the General Assembly for 1794, 1802, 1805, and 1826, show that the Assembly has, in extraordinary cases, claimed and exercised the right of organizing new Presbyteries, and such Presbyteries have always been regarded as regularly and constitutionally organized."

The assertion—and it is nothing but assertion—that is contained in this article, was made, after hearing the following complete and unanswered exposure of the irrelevancy, as precedents, of every one of the cases referred to, as bearing on the case then before the Assembly.

"We come now, Moderator, said Mr. Winchester, to examine the cases cited by Dr. Ely, as precedents, for the exercise of the power of erecting Presbyteries within the bounds of a Synod. That the Assembly may erect new Presbyteries where the jurisdiction of no Synod extends, we have never questioned. That the Assembly may unite Presbyteries connected with different Synods, is also admitted. But the case before you is wholly a different one. Here the Synod of Philadelphia had undisputed jurisdiction. Upon an examination of the cases cited by the Doctor, not one will be found to be in point. The decision of no one of them involved the principle now questioned.

"The first case adduced was the division of the Presbytery of Carlisle, by the Assembly of 1794. In this case, one of the Presbyteries constituted by the division, took in part of the Presbytery of Redstone, which belonged to the Synod of Virginia; whereas the Presbytery of Carlisle belonged to the Synod of Philadelphia. (See published Extracts from Minutes of 1794, p. 18; also of 1802, p. 7.) Thus it will be perceived, that this is a case where it was impossible for either Synod to act, and where the power of the Assembly is admitted. And it is therefore a case widely different from that now before you.

"The next case was the division of the Presbytery of Albany, by the Assembly of 1802. This division took place under the old constitution, in which no specific power to divide Presbyteries was delegated to Synods. In the year 1820, certain amendments were sent down to the Presbyteries for their adoption, one of which was that of giving to Synods the power of dividing, uniting, and erecting Presbyteries. All the cases, therefore, of a prior date are irrelevant to the present question. And, indeed, before the amendment now alluded to, the Assembly seemed to question its own power in the case, for a part of the report on the division of the Albany Presbytery, which was adopted by the Assembly, expressly forbids that decision ever to be cited as a precedent in any future Assembly, as the MS. minutes will show. This prohibition is strangely disregarded by the Doctor, who now presses it on this court as a precedent; especially, as he is so great a stickler for unqualified submission, and passive obedience to the acts and orders of the Assembly.

"The division of the Presbytery of Oneida in 1805, next cited by the Doctor, also took place under the old Constitution, and therefore is not a case in point.

"The next case was the constitution of the Presbytery of Chenango, by the Assembly of 1826. This Presbytery was composed, when constituted, of members of no less than *three different Synods*, viz. the Synods of Geneva, Albany, and New Jersey. (See Minutes for 1826, pp. 21, 66, 68, 74, 76.) This was also a case where the Presbyteries concerned, were attached to different Synods, and therefore, not a case in point.

"Another case cited by the Doctor, was the erection of the Presbytery of Detroit by the Assembly of 1827. This Presbytery was made to consist of churches from two different Synods. The churches of Farmington and Potinac, belonged to the Synod of Geneva, and the church of Detroit belonged to the Synod of the Western Reserve. This, also, was a case in which no Synod could act, and in which the power of the Assembly is not doubted.

"The last case mentioned by the Doctor, was the translation of a church from one Presbytery to another, by the Assembly of 1827. Here the Doctor contended, that if the Assembly could translate a church from one Presbytery to another, much rather could they unite and divide Presbyteries. But the Doctor took good care not to tell you that these two Presbyteries belonged to different Synods. Look at the Minute, p. 114. 'The Committee of Overtures also reported an application from the church of Danville, in the *Presbytery of Bath*, in the SYNOD OF GENEVA, to be set off from said Presbytery, and annexed to the *Presbytery of Ontario*, in the SYNOD OF GENESSEE. The above application was granted.' Why did the Doctor read this minute to the court? Did he wish to deceive them? Did he not know it was a case not in point? Are such means to be used to gull this Assembly? Does a good cause need such expedients to sustain it?

"In connexion with the foregoing cases, where no one Synod had jurisdiction, and where the Assembly, therefore, was alone competent to act, let us look at a case, not cited by the complainants, where a Synod had full power to grant the petition preferred to the Assembly. The case as briefly reported in the Digest, is as follows:—'The Committee of Overtures laid before the Assembly (of 1808) an application from

the Presbytery of Huntingdon, for a division of that Presbytery. *Resolved*, That the Presbytery make their application to the Synod (of Philadelphia) to which they belong, being the most proper judicature to decide the case.' (See Digest, p. 44.) In the foregoing cases we see that the Assembly acted where the Synod could not, and that it refused to act where the Synod might; thus clearly settling the question, agreeably to the construction for which we contend.

"Thus it appears that every case, as cited by Dr. Ely, contradicts the argument he has based upon them, and confirms that which they were designed to destroy. I will not say that the Doctor knew these cases were not in point. I do not impeach his veracity. He has entirely mistaken the real point before the court, and therefore did not see the material discrepancy between his supposed precedents, and the case at the bar."

It was in the face of this exhibition of the utter irrelevancy of the cases quoted, that the *naked positive assertion* in this article was brought forward, as showing that in the case protested against, the Assembly had done no more than what had often been done before; and this is a good specimen of the manner in which the reasonings of the minority were answered in the Assembly, when any answer to them was attempted.

We have, in our last number, as already intimated, exposed the monstrous principle of passive obedience and non-resistance, on which the whole of the third article of the protest is founded, and shall therefore omit further notice of it here—It is a fit companion for its three associates.

The fourth and last article of the reply is in these words—

"In regard to the existence of two or more Presbyteries on the same ground, the Assembly have already expressed their opinion. For sixteen years in the city of New York, Presbyteries have existed on this principle, without those evil results anticipated by the Protestants; yet here the Assembly would repeat, what they have elsewhere said with more solemnity, that 'except in extraordinary cases, Presbyteries should be formed with geographical limits.'"

There is evasion and deception in this whole article. We ask any reader, candid or uncandid, whether this article does not purport that the protest, to which it is a reply, had distinctly objected against "the existence of two or more Presbyteries on the same ground?" Yet if we look at the protest, we find that it says not a single word on this topic. After showing that the act objected to was unconstitutional—not because it formed two Presbyteries on the same ground, but because it invaded the exclusive rights of Synods—it goes on to say, in the second article, "While we disapprove the act performed by the Assembly as unconstitutional, we solemnly *protest* against the practice, whether by the Assembly or Synods, of forming Presbyteries on the principle of *elective affinity*, distinctly avowed and recognised as the basis of this *act;* being fully persuaded that the tendency of this principle will be, to impair the standards of our church—to open a door to error—and to violate the purity, good order, and peace of the church." Here we see that the *main* object of the Protestants was not even the unconstitutional nature of the act, simply considered as *unconstitutional.* Of this they indeed *disapprove*, but they "*solemnly protest* against forming Presbyteries on the principle of *elective affinity.*" What is the Assembly's answer to this? Why, that Presbyteries have existed *on the same ground* in New York, for sixteen years, "without those evil results anticipated by the Protestants." But is this any answer at all? Does it touch the objection? Not in the least. The objection is to *elective affinity Presbyteries*—the answer relates to *Presbyteries formed on the same ground.* But are not these one and the same thing? No certainly. There might be two Presbyteries formed on the same

ground, and neither of them be an elective affinity Presbytery. Nay, this was precisely the fact in New York, for more than ten of the sixteen years of which this article speaks—it is only within four or five years that an elective affinity Presbytery has existed there at all. Well, but is it not a shameful evasion, or rather a gross deception, to make a statement purporting to be an answer to an objection that was never made? So we think; and so we believe every impartial investigator of the subject will think.

But the curious reader will probably wish to know how this evasive and deceptive answer, made by the committee appointed by the Assembly for the purpose, could obtain the sanction of the house. We suppose it was thus—during the protracted debate on the appeal and complaint of the (Assembly's) Second Presbytery of Philadelphia, those who were opposed to the wishes of the said Presbytery, pleaded among other things, the adverse aspect of the constitutional definition of a Presbytery; namely, "a Presbytery consists of all the ministers, and one ruling elder from each congregation, within a certain district." They insisted that as the very notion of an elective Presbytery was, that some ministers and elders within a certain district should be *separated* from other ministers and elders in the same district, such a Presbytery could not be formed without a manifest violation of this article of the constitution. This was one of their arguments; but it was by no means their only one, or that on which they chiefly relied. Their main objection, and that which principally excited their zeal, was, that *the principle of elective affinity itself* was destructive to the very life of Presbyterianism, as consisting of a church in which all its ministers and elders adopt, under the solemnity of an oath, the very same doctrinal creed and form of church government and discipline. If, said the Protestants, the doctrines and government professed to be believed in by all the officers of our church, are the same, what need can there be to provide for a difference of belief? and if some do actually adopt other doctrines and principles of government than those of the constitution, will you put these men by themselves, that they may act in violation of the constitution? Can you do this without violating the constitution *yourselves?* and can you do it, without organizing a corps for the very purpose of acting in an unconstitutional manner? Do you not see that in such a measure, you provide for the introduction of heresy, and an utter disregard of our government and discipline, by those elective Presbyteries? and is there not great reason to fear that in this way false doctrine and a total disregard of our ecclesiastical order will prevail, to the entire prostration of our church? We do profess to be deeply and seriously grieved and alarmed, when we see the Supreme Judicatory of our church disposed to countenance such a measure as this—Such was the reasoning of the minority, and such the chief ground of objection to sustaining the appeal and complaint. The minority did, indeed, plead the constitutional definition of a Presbytery, as being favourable to their cause: and who will affirm that it is not? But this was not what they most insisted on; it was not that which deeply enlisted their feelings; and it was not that, as we have already remarked, *to which the Protestants made any reference whatever.* If there had been no elective affinity principle concerned and contended for, in the question before the Assembly—if the question had related merely to the forming of two orthodox Presbyteries, instead of one, in the same city, as was the case in New York, till very recently—there would have been no ardent controversy. It would probably have been admitted on all

sides, that there might be cases in which the large number of ministers in a city and its vicinity, would render the existence of two Presbyteries within these bounds, more advantageous to the interests of the church than one only; or cases in which the residence of the ministers might be in one location, and the places of worship in which their services were to be performed in another, so that the two Presbyteries might be said to be on the same ground—That therefore the *spirit* of the constitution would be in no wise interfered with, although its letter might seem to be opposed to the contemplated location of two Presbyteries within the same geographical limits. Now the answer of the Assembly to the protest says expressly, that "for sixteen years in the city of New York, Presbyteries have existed *on this principle*." On what principle, we ask? On that of elective affinity? If this be affirmed, it is a palpable misrepresentation. There has not been an elective Presbytery in New York, as we have seen, even for six years, to say nothing of sixteen; and if Presbyteries covering the same ground be intended, it is nothing to the purpose, for the protest says nothing about them. But every person reading the article will naturally think that by the words "this principle" must be understood the principle on which the Protestants chiefly relied, and in this he will certainly be deceived. Such then is the result when the answer to the protest is scrutinized. But we verily believe the Assembly did not scrutinize it; but as there had been a good deal said in the debate about the unconstitutionality of forming two Presbyteries within the same limits, the report was adopted without examining its relevancy to what was stated in the protest—That is, the Assembly did not *wilfully* sanction evasion and misrepresentation; they only suffered them to pass by *careless inattention*. For the committee, however, we cannot make the same plea. They had the protest before them, and were bound to answer it *fairly*, or *plausibly*, or else to refuse to draught any answer at all.

We have yet to remark on that part of the article of the answer to the protest, which affirms that—"For sixteen years in the city of New York, Presbyteries have existed on this principle, without those evil results anticipated by the Protestants." Although, as we have repeatedly said, it is not true that Presbyteries have existed in New York on the principle of elective affinity, for any thing like the period here stated; yet *since* an affinity Presbytery has existed, something that we consider as *evils* certainly has resulted from its doings. To say nothing of ordaining eight young men without charges, and sending them into the Presbyteries of the West, to preach New School doctrines; and nothing of accrediting a well known Doctor as a Presbyterian minister in good standing, without his ever appearing before that Presbytery—Setting all this down for nothing—we should be glad to know whether an occurrence which took place about six months before the last meeting of the Assembly, did not exhibit something exceedingly like some of the evil results, to which the Protestants referred. The occurrence to which we allude was briefly this—The church and congregation of Hanover, in the bounds of the Presbytery of Newark, New Jersey, made out a call for a licentiate, who had been preaching to them for some time; and the Presbytery were convened to take the usual steps preparatory to ordination and installation. The candidate was put on his examination, and was found to be deficient in literature, and so radically unsound in his doctrinal sentiments, that the Presbytery, by an unusual majority, absolutely refused to ordain him; although his friends in the congregation urged it importunately, and were greatly diso-

bliged and provoked by the refusal. But mark the sequel—This man, thus rejected for ignorance and heresy, repaired forthwith to the Presbytery from which he came—the elective Presbytery of New York; and there has been received, and ordained, and appointed to perform pastoral duties, in which he is now engaged. Is this not an *evil result*, produced by the existence of an elective affinity Presbytery in New York? We do not put this question to the lovers of affinity Presbyteries. We have their answer—they approve of such proceedings; they obtain the establishment of elective Presbyteries for the purpose of being in readiness to do this very kind of thing; to be prepared, according to Mr. Paterson's honest confession, to license and ordain men whom other Presbyteries refuse or reject. But we ask those who still remember and regard their ordination vows; who "*sincerely* receive and adopt the Confession of Faith, as containing the system of doctrines taught in the Holy Scriptures;" and who "*approve* of the government and discipline of the Presbyterian church in these United States"—we ask all the ministers of the gospel of this description now under the supervision of our General Assembly, whether *here* is not an *evil result*, of the most flagrant and alarming kind? Whether the very worst evil which the enemies of elective Presbyteries have ever foreseen and predicted, has not, in this instance, been brought out in practice—has not become a palpable and astounding fact? Whether a door has not here been shown to be thrown wide open, for the introduction of heresy in doctrine, and the prostration of all government and discipline in our church. Here is a man, rejected in one Presbytery for illiteracy and gross error, who has only to step into the adjoining Presbytery—for the Presbytery of Newark joins on that of New York—and he is received and treated as a man sound in the faith, and qualified for ordination and pastoral duties. Yes—and by another wise act of the last Assembly, this very man may take his clean papers from the Presbytery that has whitewashed him, and step back again into the Presbytery of Newark, and there claim to be received as being in as good standing as any of those who have declared him an ignoramus and a heretic—Brethren of the Presbyterian church! we solemnly ask—whither are we tending?—what are to be "the results" of such proceedings? What kind of a church is that to which we belong?

In regard to the facts stated above, we have to say, that we have recently been on the ground where the occurrence to which we have referred took place; and our statement is made in strict correspondence with answers returned to inquiries made of the people of Hanover, and of some of the clerical brethren in that neighbourhood. We have only to add, that the rejection of the individual above referred to by the Presbytery of Newark, and his reception by the third, or elective Presbytery of New York, was probably known to many members of the New Light party in the Assembly, when the assertion was made and sanctioned, that the evils anticipated by the Protestants had not been realized in New York.

We now pass from the doings of the Assembly in regard to their Second Presbytery of Philadelphia, to what was done in providing for it a Synod, of which it should be nominally a part, but as to influence and control, the whole. We believe we are materially correct when we state, that on a request made in the Assembly to know the numbers, severally, of the Presbyteries of which the Synod was to be composed, the stated clerk informed the house, that the Second Prestery consisted of twenty-three members, the Presbytery of Wilming-

ton of 11 or 12, and the Presbytery of Lewes of 3. Hence it appears that the Presbyteries of Wilmington and Lewes would, together, furnish the Synod with fifteen members, and leave the Assembly's Second Presbytery of Philadelphia with a controlling majority of eight members, over both of her sisters—Who can deny that the Synod was made for the Presbytery, or rather that the Presbytery was made a Synod?

There is another curious fact in regard to the formation of this Synod. The introductory part of the record relative to its formation reads thus—

"The committee to whom was referred No. 8. viz. An application to have the Synod of the Chesapeake dissolved, and also applications from the Presbyteries of Lewes, Wilmington and Philadelphia Second, as constituted by the Assembly, to be constituted into a new Synod, made a report, which was accepted and laid on the table.

"The report on Overture No. 8, and the petitions for the erection of a new Synod, was taken up and adopted, and is as follows, viz."—See the resolutions in our No. for July, page 326.

Now we think we hazard nothing, in saying that any reader of this minute, (friend or foe to the measure of the Assembly under consideration,) would understand and believe that the three Presbyteries named had agreed to petition the Assembly to form them, the said three Presbyteries, into a Synod by themselves. We certainly had, most distinctly, this understanding of the minute, when we first read it; and we busied ourselves for some time in thinking how it could be, that these Presbyteries could have corresponded together before the meeting of the Assembly, and have agreed to unite in this petition. It seemed to us all but impossible; and it was not till a short time since that the thought occurred to us, that possibly the Presbyteries of Wilmington and Lewes did present petitions for the dissolution of the Synod of the Chesapeake, and for the formation of *a new Synod*, of some kind. We have since been told that they did thus petition; but not for *such a Synod* as was actually fabricated. On the contrary, we are credibly informed that the representative of the Presbytery of Lewes in the Assembly, voted against the formation of this Synod. Certain it is that he was one of the original signers of the *Act and Testimony*, while the Assembly was yet in session; and it is equally certain that another of the three members who compose that Presbytery, has since given in his adherence to that important paper; and we greatly mistake the principles and character of the remaining member, who is the present moderator of the Synod of Philadelphia, if he is more disposed than either of his co-presbyters to claim *affinity* with the Assembly's second Presbytery. It has been justly remarked that "a statement may be equivocally true, and yet manifestly false;" and such exactly is the character of the minute we have quoted. Scan the language, and it will indeed appear that it does not directly state that the three Presbyteries mentioned had petitioned to be formed into a Synod, of which they should form the constituent parts; and yet this is the construction that every reader will put on the minute till otherwise informed. Was it formed in this manner, we ask, to screen the Second Presbytery from the opprobrium of gross inconsistency? For in their plea against the act of the Synod of Philadelphia by which they were first amalgamated and then divided, they strenuously urged that they had not been consulted in this transaction, and had been disposed of contrary to their wishes. Yet in forming this Synod of Delaware, it was at their in-

stance that the Presbytery of Lewes were disposed of in this very manner. Nor are we by any means certain that the Presbytery of Wilmington are gratified, or even contented, with their new connexion. But the most glaring part of the inconsistency lies in the Assembly detaching two Presbyteries from the Synod of Philadelphia, with evidence enough before them that in the way they were doing this, they were acting contrary to the mind of the Synod—Thus declaring by this notable act, that what was wrong in the Synod of Philadelphia, was right when done by the Assembly in forming the Synod of Delaware, and favouring an elective affinity Presbytery.

But we are not yet quite at the end of the unconstitutional and preposterous doings of the Assembly in the matter under consideration. The act of the Synod of Philadelphia; namely, forming two Presbyteries by the dividing line of Market street—would not have taken place when it did, perhaps never, if the Assembly's affinity Presbytery had not been first amalgamated with the body from which it had been severed. The proceedings of the Synod in this business were in fact, and were intended to be considered, as so many parts of *one continuous act.* That act the Assembly set aside as unconstitutional—Then surely they set aside the formation of the Synod's second Presbytery; namely, that to the north of Market street. But this Presbytery is declared by the Assembly to still exist. By whose act then does it exist? By the act of the Assembly, and by that alone; for the Synod, we assuredly know, never intended to divide the Presbytery of Philadelphia, but as a sequel to the previous amalgamation, which was the basis of the whole procedure. The Assembly, therefore, have formed *two* Presbyteries in Philadelphia—Or perhaps we ought rather to say *three;* for the complaint and appeal which were sustained, set forth distinctly, that the Synod had left the old mother Presbytery in a state of complete annihilation; and as she still exists, her resuscitation must, according to what is asserted in the sustained appeal and complaint, be attributed to the powerful interposition and act of the Assembly—No greater mistake could be committed by our readers, than to believe that we have any pleasure in this exposure of the absurd and illegal proceedings of the highest judicatory of our church. We grieve over them, and we blush and are ashamed in presenting them to the public; and nothing should have induced us to do it, but a solemn conviction of the necessity which exists that the Presbyterian church should see the danger which impends, of an entire subversion of its principles, and prostration of its constitutional order.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PURITAN DIVINES.

Concluded from p. 375.

In examining the Puritan Divines, we cannot help remarking how the oblation of Calvary, the offices of the Saviour, the majesty of the law, and the obedience of the Surety are held up to view. We shall say nothing of the *extent* of the atonement, save that these good men avoided all loose expressions, and all terms of bold defiance. Men like Owen could not but stand appalled, at the sentiment that atonement was made *in the same sense* for all mankind; because this would

show an unwillingness on the part of the Spirit to apply the atonement, and carry out the benevolent designs of the Agent who atoned. Waving this subject then, we remark, that this oblation on Calvary was never absent from Puritan ministrations. They looked on it as furnishing pardon to the sinful, balm to the afflicted, justification to the guilty, and holiness to the unclean. They placed before their hearers a mirror, and they reared the hill of Calvary so that the crown of thorns, the reed, the spear, the Roman soldiery and the image of the disconsolate mother of Jesus, were thrown in continued waves of reflection on the people. In the same reflection, the orb of day was included, changing his orange hue into sackcloth, that he might shade the scene, and fill the mountain with twilight, while it was as yet but the meridian hour.

The Puritan Divines examined all the titles given to Jesus in the Bible, with the minutest care. The author of Horæ Solitariæ did not look into this subject more thoroughly than the humblest of these men; and the offices of the Redeemer came under their daily meditation.

But one of the most conspicuous truths in the theology of which we are speaking, is the doctrine of imputed righteousness. These men took enlarged views of the law. But to the claims of the law they opposed, as the refuge of the penitent sinner, the great truth, that the Lawgiver was made under the law. The perfect obedience of the Saviour was just what the law required, of all and each descendant of Adam. Measured by this standard, all flesh stands condemned. It is clear that the *life* of the Saviour must be connected with our salvation, otherwise he might have been put to death at his first manifestation. But his life illustrated the law, and showed the sinless obedience which it required. On that perfect obedience, the penitent sinner relies, and thus receives a righteousness commensurate with legal claims. This statement contains the essence of that imputed righteousness, for which the Puritans contended; and from which Usher of Armagh, Leighton of St. Andrews, and the judicious Hooker, did not dissent. This is what they meant by the garments of salvation and the robe of praise. This course of preaching they believed would humble the sinner, and show him that his salvation flows from the grace of God, without the least pretension to merit on the part of the subject of grace —Perhaps there is not a better specimen of this kind of theology than "Sibbs's Bruised Reed," or his sermon from the text—"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor"—In the ear of all their people, they made grace, rich grace, a familiar sound; and they spake much of the *riches of grace.*

The theology, of which an imperfect outline has been given, is not without some characteristics which ought to be stated. The first quality by which it is distinguished is, *its accordance with the Scriptures.* There never were more devoted students of the Bible than the Puritan Divines. They were not remarkable for *variety* of attainments. But many of them read the Bible in Greek, and some of them in the Hebrew. They had a facility in applying events in history, and sentiments in the Latin and Grecian poets, to spiritual truths. This is remarkably exemplified in the commentary of Matthew Henry. But they were *men of one book.* They were led every day by the Scriptures to Tabor, where they witnessed the transfiguration of their Lord; or to Gethsemane, where they beheld him prostrate before divine justice, receiving on his person some preliminary sparks from the mouth of that indignant fur-

nace; or to Calvary, where they saw him slain; or to Olivet, from whence he went back to the glory which he had with the Father, before the world began.

This theology has the additional recommendation of being *ancient*. If it be scriptural, it is as ancient as the inspired records. The reformation was not intended to disclose new truths, but to revive truths which had been hidden from the eyes of men by papal delusion. The Puritan Divines did not seek for novelties in religion. A fondness for novelty is the characteristic of children, but these men were far from being children. Belzoni mentions that when he stood among the ruins of Thebes, he felt as if the city had been inhabited by giants; and when we stand among the works of the Puritans, we cannot escape the impression that they were reared by men of gigantic spiritual stature.

Nothing can be more *simple* than this theology. Philosophy has often spoiled the simplicity of truth. Even the most eloquent of the church fathers, have not been exempt from the folly of making religion a compound. The fruit which is indigenous to religion, is delicious to the taste; but when the tree is engrafted all round with the buds and scions of a false philosophy, the genuine fruit becomes difficult of access.

Further—No theology with which we are acquainted has been so *productive of good works*. The Puritan Divines were men of prayer. Self-examination and watchfulness over their motives, formed much of their employment. It should not be forgotten that Franke, the founder of the orphan house at Halle, held this system. Nor ought it to be forgotten that the same system was the creed of Howard, the philanthropist. Aitkin, a Unitarian, published a life of Howard, from which work it is impossible to tell the sources from whence his actions arose, or the ultimate object to which they were directed. We should as soon take up the book to discover the sources of the Nile, or the termination of the Niger. But the recent life of the Philanthropist, compiled from his own journals, leaves no doubt as to the truths which he believed. We might here expatiate on the deeds of this excellent man. But we should be rebuked by the eulogium passed on him, by Edmund Burke, the most splendid of British statesmen.

This theology is moreover the basis of *a sound experience*. Religion is intended to sweeten our tempers and chasten our affections. This theology does indeed contain some bitter buds, but when once crushed by the hand of grace, they are transformed into fragrant flowers. It is often alleged, that the Puritan Divines were gloomy and formal. This point of character, however, was more the product of the external circumstances in which they were placed than of their theology. They were hunted down by prelates and courtiers, and they would have been above the infirmities of our common nature, if they had not at times displayed a gloomy demeanour. But this was not the habit of their minds. If an unction of heavenly enjoyment is to be found any where, it is in the writings of Flavel, Howe, Goodwin, Calamy and Charnock. The mind of Flavel particularly seems to have been absorbed in heavenly and delightful contemplations. The man of letters is apt to associate with Devonshire the remembrance of Gay, Gifford, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. He thinks how often these distinguished men crossed its brooks, and were sheltered in its myrtle valleys. The same associations we indulge about the Puritan Divine of Dartmouth; and we always feel more holy by visiting his haunts, even in thought.

Such works as Scougal's Life of God in the Soul of Man, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Guthrie's Trial of a Saving Interest in Christ, Alleine on the Promises, Ambrose's Looking unto Jesus, Romaine's Walk of Faith, Erskine's Sacramental Sermons, the Lives of Brown of Haddington, of Boston and Halyburton, leave on the heart of the Christian, a savoury experience. These works are all legitimate fruits of Puritan theology. They contain the manna of the wilderness, the balm of Gilead, the honey of the rock, the grapes of Eshcol, the clusters of Engedi, the wells of salvation, the milk and wine of Canaan, far sweeter to the Christian than the nectar of Chios.

This theology is furthermore consistent with *good taste.* We admit that the writers of whom we speak did not cultivate style. Their manner is antique, and the titles of their sermons are often quaint. But this does not injure them with any who prefer substance to sound. The Puritan Divines left to writers of a different class, the work of refining the English language. But Puritan theology has now and then appeared in the drapery of polite writing. Drummond, of Hawthornden, was an anticovenanter, but in his poem called the Flowers of Sion, this theology prevails. The same may be said of Fletcher's Purple Island, of the hymns of Sir Henry Wotton, of Grahame's Sabbath, of Pollock's Course of Time, and of all the serious letters of Cowper. At one time Milton embraced this theology, in all its length and breadth; and indeed Dr. Channing has not yet proved the genuineness of the Treatise on Christian Doctrine. The style of Bates, though not so cornucopian as that of Jeremy Taylor, is far more chaste. The style of Baxter is full of impassioned zeal. He was a voluminous writer, and the most of his works have disappeared; but his Reformed Pastor, his Saints' Rest, and Call to the Unconverted, men will not permit to die—works in which he was employed in

> Scattering from his pictured urn
> Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.

But Bunyan has fairly won the palm of genius, among the Puritan Divines. Literary men have been slow to acknowledge his merits, with the exception of Johnson and Cowper. Dr. Beattie, in his Elements of Moral Science, calls the Pilgrim's Progress a vulgar Calvinistic allegory; but the works of the Bard of Lawrence Kirk, will not live quite so long as the allegory he condemns. Southey has lately published a Life of Bunyan, containing an apology for his dreary imprisonment of twelve years. The author of the Pilgrim has often been accused of plagiarism, but Milton was charged with the same thing; and Dr. Adam Clarke, with his muck-rake, has collected a batch of works, and traced through these works, as he imagined, the hint of Pilgrim's Progress. Now we do not believe it would have been discreditable to Bunyan, if he had taken the hint of his work from previous authors, for where is the human work that is not produced in this way. But Dr. Clarke must have been extravagantly fond of resemblances, to have found any analogy in Pilgrim's Progress to the bevy of works he has mentioned, for we will venture to express a decided opinion and belief, that the Bedford Prisoner had never seen one of them in his life. The truth is, that he took the hint of his immortal allegory from the Bible alone. When cast into prison he took with him a copy of the Scriptures, and could he have foreseen the consequences, he might have said to his persecutors—"as for you, ye think evil against me, but God means it unto good."

A prison has more than once been the resting-place of genius. When a captive in Windsor castle, James 1st of Scotland wrote several productions. Tasso was employed in the same way in the cells of Ferrara. The bodies, but not the minds of Sir Walter Raleigh and De Foe, were in duress. Dr. Dodd and Montgomery, wrote Prison Thoughts, if indeed the prison thoughts ascribed to Dodd be genuine. It was the Bible, which gave to the imagination of Bunyan that oriental cast which is so conspicuous in his work, for he was not acquainted with Persian legends, Arabian poetry, or the muses of Greece; but he daily read a book which spoke of patriarchs going far and wide on pilgrimage, surrounded by all the objects peculiar to eastern lands, reclining under oaks, pausing at the brink of wells, holding converse with shepherds, or at prayer beneath the palm-tree. He read of a whole nation setting out on pilgrimage to the land of promise. He marked their encampments, their dangers and straights, the manna which fed them, their deliverance at the sea, their passage by Sinai, the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, and their entrance into the land of rest. Wrought upon by such objects, he planned a work in which the characters are as well sustained, as the characters in the Iliad of Homer. He placed his easel deep in the foundations of his prison, and stretched his canvass on its walls, and drew the City of Destruction, the Slough of Despond, the Burning Mountain of Arabia, the Valley of Humiliation, the Enchanted Castle, the Delectable Mountains, the Land of Beulah, the River of Death, and the Spires of that City, in the turning of whose harmonious gates we lose the footstep of the pilgrim. This allegory is the milky way of Puritan theology; and as all Italy at one time procured professors to expound the writings of Dante, so should the Christian world procure interpreters for the pilgrim of Bunyan.

The inquiry is indeed important, whether the theology of the Puritans has been abandoned by the Presbyterian Church? Has that which our fathers considered sweet, become sour to the taste of their children? Perhaps an answer to this question might give a controversial cast to this letter, and it is unpleasant to dispute with brethren for whom we cherish cordial esteem. This much however we can say, without fear of successful contradiction, that new discoveries will not be likely to bring us a better system. The French academy once instituted a comparison between ancient and modern mind in architecture, painting, and poetry; according to their decision, antiquity bore away the palm. Modern discoveries are not intended to alter the nature of revelation. The same Being who inspired the Scriptures, had an agency in modern inventions. He removed the film from the eye of Columbus. His hand, though unseen, sustained the telescope of Galileo. He opened the volume of his works to Newton, and closed the book when the child-like sage had conned his lesson. He watched the feeblest preliminary attempts to discover the art of printing, an art by which he intended to blacken the triple crown of the man of sin. But all this took place in his providence, and not in the agency of that inspiration by which holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. We therefore conclude, that if the Puritan theology was true two hundred years ago, it is equally true at the present time. We are equally sure that no benefit will arise by exchanging it for the system taught by Fletcher and Wesley. Some who believe that a change has taken place, attribute the change to the writings of these men. Fletcher was a good man, ardent and impassioned as a writer, but considerably

defective as a logician. Wesley was a man great in action. He had in his head what phrenology calls the organ of marvellousness, which appears from just opening his journals. He made the intellectual labours of other men tributary to his designs, but there is little originality in his own works; nor is it reasonable to believe that he could have wrought a revolution in minds superior to his own. Wesley was the grandson of a Puritan divine, and it is more probable that he was indebted to Puritan theology for much that was good in his own views, than that he should have produced a change in our system. In addition to this, Calvinism sprung up every where under his own eye, crossing his path, and meeting him at every corner of his *circuitous* pilgrimage. He could not crush it in Hervey and Whitfield, at Oxford, he could not extinguish it in Toplady, in Hill, in the countess of Huntingdon, and in Berridge. He could not prevent its taking root in the valleys, and suspending its fruits among the mountains of Wales; and if the living lion could not rend it to pieces, it may surely survive the lion when dead. The followers of Wesley claim for him the credit of having effected all the good that has been done for the last hundred years. He wrote a few pages about slavery; therefore he abolished the slave trade. He distributed a few Bibles; therefore he originated the Bible society. He instructed some orphan children; therefore he established Sunday schools. He preached against intemperance; therefore he is the parent of the temperance cause.

But let me repeat the question—is there danger that the Presbyterian church is about to prove recreant, to truth she has maintained so long? Then this church has a solemn duty to perform. It will be her duty to employ evangelists, who will support the claims of her pastors to the confidence of the people. Some men, from constitutional temperament, become restive. They relinquish their charges, supposing that they constitute a sphere of action too confined for their efforts. These ministers are apt to speak much of moral power, of the sacrifices they have made, of the latent and unemployed resources of the church, of the indolence of pastors, and of the small number attached to the communion. All this, and more, is frequently the effect of pure motives, and yet how often does it prove silently injurious, by inspiring among the people a fondness for incessant excitement. In this way, a love of favourite terms has been introduced. *Submission* has supplanted the old fashioned word called *repentance*, and acting in the view of motives, has taken the place of that Spirit, without whom there is nothing holy. But I forbear; for no consideration would induce me to wound the feelings of my brethren.

The Presbyterian church, furthermore, must put down unauthorized hymns. It is not our belief, that Christians ought to be confined to the Psalms of David. The example of apostles and primitive Christians, would seem to allow of some latitude in this particular. But the church may settle her standards, and proclaim her laws. If at the same time she give away the power of authorizing her hymnology, she might as well not have proclaimed her laws. The Presbyterian church has long been flooded with sonnets, which materially affect the former venerable air of her worship. We expect to witness soon the introduction of Lord Byron's Hebrew Melodies, or Moore's Sacred Ballads, or Bowring's Vesper Hymns. Perhaps we may feel better disposed towards Lord Byron than formerly, since after examining all systems of religion, he declares that his researches ended in his becoming *a moderate Presbyterian.* There are few men whom we vene-

rate more than Dr. Watts, though some of his hymns nothing would induce me to employ in public worship. He was possessed of great talents, and a soul lowly as the violet. It is impossible to suppress one's indignation at Pope's half-formed intention of putting him into the Dunciad—knowing him to have been the master of Pope in every thing, except the mere art of constructing rhyme. The arrow of disease reached him at the moment of his consecration to the ministry, so that he not only became a priest, but a victim deeply stricken for the service of the temple. Decked in cypress leaves, he was led back into partial retirement, where, amid rural sounds and shades, provided by the courtesy of Sir Thomas Abney, he indited cheerful hymns for the afflicted, and triumphant odes for the dying. Now those cypress leaves are turned into a garland of amaranth, and the cloud in which he lived on earth, is transformed into a tabernacle of orange coloured light, in which he offers the incense of praise.

In addition to her psalmody, the Presbyterian church must attend to her religious newspapers and periodicals. In connexion with this remark, it becomes me* to say, that the paper in which I wish this letter to appear, has been ably conducted—it has been a blessing to the church. By sound discussion of interesting points, by drawing into light the forgotten treasures of theology, by sketches of the lives of holy men, the influence of religious periodicals may be salutary. But it is clear that some of them have engendered a morbid desire after nothing but excitement.

In addition to the things already mentioned, the church must at least somewhat extend the period marked out for the preparation of young men for the ministry. Some candidates do not study even the period allotted by the requisitions of the standards of the church. They say that the state of the world calls aloud for *action*—forgetting that if they go into that world unprepared, it will not be much mended by their presence. Even before they come into public view, young men often think that they have made important discoveries in theology. It is indeed a pleasing sight, when candidates are assembled with teachable tempers around the chair of theological instruction. The walks of the lyceum, the groves of the academy, the porch of Zeno, the garden of Epicurus, the lawns of Hammasby, could furnish no sight so delightful. But the pupils of Plato, carried to that sage many a useless pebble, and the disciples of Linnæus, many a worthless shrub.

Finally—The church must immediately introduce her catechisms into all Sunday schools which are under her control. If these things be done, peace may be restored, and a reaction take place; otherwise, our simple rules and weighty doctrines may disappear. But if a defeated general advised his countrymen never to despair of the republic, surely Christians ought not to despair of the church. The Sibylline books were supposed to contain the fate of the Roman government, and the destiny of the Presbyterian church is intimately connected with her standards. The law that he should not pass for a citizen, who was not a citizen, gave rise to the Roman social war, in which the Sibylline oracles were burnt. Should it ever become necessary to make a law that he should not pass for a Presbyterian, who is not a Presbyterian, it might give rise to an ecclesiastical contest in which

* Whether it becomes the editor to publish, what his friend thinks it becomes him to say, may bear a question. On the whole, we have concluded *for once*, to follow the fashion, and let a friend praise us in our own pages.

our standards may be consumed. But the Romans re-collected their oracles, and we will collect again the costly leaves of our standards, and ask for them the same price we asked at first, which is, a conscientious belief of what they contain—that price ought to be freely given. The taking of our ordination engagements, was the most solemn transaction of our lives. The coronation oaths of kings dwindle into insignificance, before the pledge we have given

Inviolate and sacred to preserve
The ordinance of Heaven.

To that church in whose service we are engaged, of whose bread we have partaken, and whose raiment we have worn, our hearts are still attached—bound to it by cords of silk, which are interspersed and strengthened by links of gold. By these cords our hearts are drawn away into scenes of the deepest interest: our affection for this church glows not with the dim light of the fixed star, but with the intenseness of the brightest planet that steeps itself in the ocean of the sun. In the midnight of the church, we know there is a Power that can disperse the deepest gloom and reveal a firmament of glory. In that firmanent, are permanent stars flashing the light of truth, and constellations of bright evangelical doctrine, like that held forth by the Scottish Covenanters and the Puritan divines—pleading with dumb eloquence for the retention in its purity of the true gospel system; and although a threatening comet may for a while glare, and shoot across this firmament, we recollect that the same Power which has permitted its appearance, can send it away on a pilgrimage of centuries in duration.

I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,
Your brother in Christian bonds,
THOMAS B. BALCH.

Literary and Philosophical Intelligence, etc.

Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.—The following letter of the 1st ult. from Naples, gives further particulars of the eruption of Vesuvius:

"Mount Vesuvius has been for several days in a state of great activity again, and last night it exhibited some of the most brilliant phenomena ever witnessed, the crater sending forth the finest eruptions seen for many years, which rising in succession one after the other, gave the idea of immense rockets. The quantity of ignited stones thrown up from the mountain exceeded that of the eruption of May last. Dr. Forster, who has been here making accurate observations on this splendid phenomenon, assures us that it affected the thermometer several degrees, at a distance of three or four miles. He found the average temperature during the night to exceed 78 degrees of Fahrenheit, and observed that at midnight the mercury stood at 82 degrees, the wind being E. N. E.—The smoke fills the bay at times, but the most remarkable circumstance is the cumulous cloud perpetually seen above the smoke. Dr. Forster thinks he has discovered, by historical researches, that the largest eruptions of this mountain, as well as of Etna, have preceded the approach of large comets to the sun; and if so, the circumstances that Halley's comet is expected towards the close of the year, would induce us to expect a still more magnificent spectacle, as the intensity of the volcanic action increases."

Comet.—The Halley Comet is now visible in the east, near the constellation Taurus. At this time its distance from the earth is forty millions of miles. On the 13th Sept. it will be only twenty-two millions of miles distant; and from this will become brilliant.

In the latter part of September it will enter the Twins, and on the 1st of October will reach within six millions of miles of us, the fore feet of the Great Bear, where it no more sets. At this its brilliance and apparent magnitude will have arrived at the highest degree. On the 6th October it will stand nearest the earth—only three and a half millions of miles distant.

In the beginning of the year 1836 it will emerge from the sun-beams, and again become visible. At the distance of forty millions of miles from us it will for the second time approach the earth; and on the 1st of March, 1836, will stand twenty-five millions of miles distant. Thence it will recede from the earth, and seem to wander 76 years; and, in the year 1912 will again visit our regions.

Singular Phenomenon.—We have received the following communication from a gentleman in whose statements the most implicit confidence may be placed; and, so far as our knowledge extends, the case is unparalleled in this country. Though the heat of the sun was excessive, yet it seems impossible that it could have been sufficiently intense to cause ignition without a concentration of its rays. We hope, therefore, our correspondent will thoroughly investigate the subject, and see if there was not something that operated as a lens to draw the rays to a focus at the place where the fire was first discovered. We shall be obliged to him for the result of his inquiries.—*N. Eng. Rev.*

Wood set on fire by the heat of the Sun. On Tuesday the 5th of August, three men being at work at hay in a meadow about one mile east of this village, [Winchester Centre, Conn.] about two o'clock, P. M., they discovered a few rods from them, on a piece of barren upland which had been cleared some seven years since, a small smoke arising; the sun shone excessively hot at the time, which induced them to go and examine it. They found the fire was just kindled and had not commenced blazing, nor consumed any of the fuel in which it commenced, which was the remains of an old decayed hemlock log. It immediately burst into a blaze and burned vividly, and when the writer of this saw it, more than twenty hours after, it had consumed most of the old log for more than four feet square, and was then burning. From the locality of the place, and all the other circumstances, the fire cannot be accounted for at all, but from the direct influence of the rays of the sun, which shined brighter, and hotter at that time, than any time previous this season. This with us is thought to be an extraordinary circumstance, nothing of the kind having been known to occur in this region ever before. The men who saw it, are respectable men of the strictest integrity.

Life Boat—An experiment was tried with a new invented life boat on Tuesday evening last, in the Serpentine river, before a great assemblage of persons. Six men in a boat with a cork apparatus attached to each of their bodies, rowed to the centre of the river, and suddenly upset the boat; but they, with the boat, soon regained their positions in safety. The boat was first thrown on her side, and next entirely overturned with her keel uppermost, but she instantly recovered her right position without any water being in her, which caused much surprise among the spectators, who expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with the success of the experiment.—*Lond. paper.*

New Cement.—The late conquest of Algiers by the French, has made known a new cement, used in the public works of that city. It is composed of two parts of ashes, three of clay and one of sand. This composition, called by the Moors "Fabbi," being mixed with oil, resists the inclemencies of the weather better than marble itself.

Religious Intelligence.

DOMESTIC.

WESTERN INDIAN MISSION, OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

From the Missionary Chronicle of the Western Foreign Missionary Society for Sept.

We have been favoured with the perusal of a letter from Miss N. Henderson, of the Western Indian Mission, addressed to a friend in the Forks of Cheat River, from which we make a few extracts. With the approbation of the mission family, about the time of their removal from Independence to the Wea Village, she made a visit to Harmony, in company with a Mr. Bright and his daughter, members of the mission at that station; and was much pleased with the improvements of the place, and especially the serious attention of a number of the Indians to the all-important concerns of religion.

Harmony Mission, April 30, 1834.

My dear Sister,—You see I am at a place sacred to the missionary cause. I thank the kind providence of God, that has permitted me to make a visit here before proceeding to my own station. We arrived at Harmony on the 21st instant. It is but two days' ride from Independence, though the distance is eighty miles. It is situated on the verge of the Orange river. Each family occupies a separate house. Mr. Bright is the farmer. His house is on the south side of the public square, a beautiful green. Mr. Jones is the minister. His house is on the east side, and also a carpenter's and

blacksmith's shops. On the north side is Mr. Austin's house. His son teaches the school, and has charge of the boys out of school. This, as a whole, is an arduous employment. On the east side of the green is the school-house. Toward the south-east corner is the house of Miss Etress, an elderly single lady, who has charge of twelve of the Indian children. Most of them are small They call her "Ma," and she well deserves the appellation. She has one small boy, now a little over two years of age, who was brought to her when two days old, tied up in a rag in the manner of tying a bundle in a handkerchief. The savage parent had thrown it away, to perish, or be food for the wolves!—a practice not uncommon among the Indians in their heathen state, when a woman is deserted of her husband. I have just been in to spend a few moments with her and the children before they were sent to school. This little fellow joined with the rest in singing. It was truly interesting to hear them sing, with lisping tongue, "Jesus, Lord of life and glory." Mrs. Jones has charge of the Indian girls, except those with Miss Etress.—Beside the buildings mentioned, there are a large barn and an ox-mill at a little distance east; and toward the north-west corner, a shoemaker's shop, and a little cabin occupied by the blacksmith. I have visited from family to family; and the week of my visit has appeared to slip quickly away. The three last days have been far the most interesting. The Spirit of the Lord apparently begins to move with power. On Monday, Mrs. Jones sent her two daughters, and two or three of her Indian girls, to see Mrs. Bright's daughter and Indian girl, with a request that I should spend some time with them. In a retired place, I conversed, sung, and prayed with them. One of Mrs. Jones's daughters, and one of the Indian girls, who are professors of religion, also prayed. Mary, an intelligent, interesting half-breed, and E. Jones, appeared much affected. Yesterday morning, Mary was missing for two or three hours after breakfast. Search was made for her; and she was found in the woods, in great distress on her knees. Mrs. Bright and myself conversed some time and prayed with her. It was a solemn hour. She attempted to pray for herself—confessed her desert of hell, and with great earnestness, implored the mercy of the Lord; exclaiming, "I have no where else to go. Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee." She then seemed a little calm, and walked home. I washed my tear-bathed face, and went to spend the day, as I had engaged, with Mrs. Jones and her lovely family. After supper, I had a little prayer-meeting with the girls, up stairs. A number were much affected. Before we were through, Mary came up. I hasted to inquire the state of her mind. She appeared to be rejoicing in hope. I asked if she was willing to take the word of God as her rule in every thing, &c. and she answered in the affirmative. Her ear-rings hung glittering on her cheeks. I referred to the words of the apostle, that women should "adorn themselves, not with gold," &c. She took them from her ears, and, laying them down on the Bible, said, in a decisive tone, "Girls, you are my witnesses, I give them up for Christ; and I am willing to give up every thing for his sake." She said much more of the reasonableness of the sacrifice. The scene was affecting. Tears of joy or sorrow streamed from every eye. At my request, she engaged in prayer. She was fervent in pleading for her young companions, and expressed much gratitude for the mercy of God to her. She appears very well to-day; but the tear of affection starts when she speaks of my speedy departure.—But I must mention another item. Mr. Bright, the other day, took his wife, Mr. C. and myself, on a ride. We called to see two Indian families, who live in small log houses, which are kept perfectly clean and neat. The husbands of both the women are Frenchmen. One of the women cannot speak a word of English. She dresses in Indian style. The other has learned to read in the school; and her husband, when hired at the mission, learned to speak English, and was hopefully converted. It is delightful to hear him, in broken language, talk of religion. He seems to love the missionaries very much —There are few adult Indians now living near this place. As a body, they are removed by government to a place seventy miles distant.

Wea Station, May 7th, 1834.

My dear Sister,—I took leave of the Harmony Mission on the evening of the 30th ult. accompanied by Messrs. Bright and Colby, and two daughters of Mr. Jones, aged eleven and thirteen. We passed the first night at the house of Mr. Fuller, formerly a missionary at Union. We proceeded on the Independence road, and then turned to the north-west on the broad and trackless prairie—encamped in the evening in the edge of a wood near a little brook. A fire was kindled, and supper soon prepared; of which, seated on the ground on blankets in true pastoral style, we partook with much cheerfulness. Mr. B. asked a blessing, and Mr. C. returned thanks. A hymn book and Bible were produced, and family worship attended with great interest. We slept soundly, and waked with the singing of the birds. After breakfast and family worship, we proceeded on our journey; but advanced slowly on account of the sickness of one of our horses. At noon, some time was spent in reconnoitring for a path. In the afternoon,

an Indian path was discovered. We rejoiced, and proceeded on it till the close of day, when we encamped as before.

On Saturday the 3d inst. we arrived at the Wea Village—made the Indians understand us, and were immediately piloted to the Station, about a mile and a half distant; and found the family all in good health.—Our house is yet in an unfinished state. On Sabbath, it rained, and few Indians assembled; and Mr. Bushnell addressed them through an interpreter. There are two Indian villages in the vicinity. Our friends from Harmony, Mrs. Bushnell, and I, took a walk to the nearest, and called at nearly every house. The Indians received us kindly, but we had no interpreter. Their houses, dress, and ornaments, are similar to those of the Pagan Senecas. They are not so destitute of clothing as the Osages. Their number is small. I know not how soon I can commence a school; as the school-house is not yet erected. But I hope I shall soon be able to engage in the work to which I am called.—Yesterday, our friends from Harmony took an affectionate leave of us.

MISSION TO WESTERN AFRICA.

This mission, though once promising, is not now in operation. Rev. John B. Pinney is the only surviving missionary of our society now in Africa. He has frequently expressed his desire of devoting himself exclusively to the service of God among the heathen of that great continent. But he has not yet been released from the duties and responsibilities of colonial agent, to which he was called when the state of the colony of Liberia imperiously demanded the appointment of a governor competent to manage its affairs.—A dark cloud still seems to be suspended over this mission, in which numerous friends of Christ and of civil and religious liberty, in America, appeared to feel a peculiar interest. The dispensations of Divine Providence, in relation to it, are mysterious and unfathomable; though doubtless they are the execution of designs of infinite wisdom and righteousness; and probably of boundless love and mercy, which mortal vision has not yet been able to descry. "His way is in the sea; his paths in the great waters; and his footsteps not known."—But the operations of his hand in this case seem calculated and designed to humble the friends of this mission, and bring us to feel more sensibly our dependence on him for direction and success. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. Unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."—But because our progress has been arrested in the first attempt, let us not hastily conclude that we shall never be able to establish a permanent mission in Africa. The first expedition of the Israelites against the city of Ai entirely failed, on account of their trespass; but after they had humbled themselves before the Lord, and put away "the accursed thing," they were led on by "the Captain of the Lord's host," and obtained a glorious victory.—Though we have not sinned exactly "after the similitude of Israel's transgression," we have sufficient cause for humiliation and self-abasement. We have been defective in many things, perhaps in every thing in which we ought to have "shined as lights in the world." Have we not been greatly deficient in love to God and a zeal for his glory?—in a benevolent concern for the salvation of the perishing heathen?—in that "fervent charity" which "covereth a multitude of sins," and leads its subjects to a cordial co-operation in every good work?—in that sense of dependence on God which would excite us to invoke continually, and with earnest importunity, his blessing upon Zion, and upon "the whole world that lieth in wickedness?"—When we shrink into nothing in our own estimation, and wonder that we are permitted to touch the ark of the Lord with our unhallowed hands; and when we justify the Lord in the judgments of his hand, feel our dependence on him for every good, and place our entire and unwavering confidence in him, we will be encouraged to go on with our work, and indulge the animating expectation, that he will, in answer to prayer, appear in his glory to build up Zion in heathen lands; so that "the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."—The promise of God, "who cannot lie," that "all flesh shall see his salvation," affords sufficient ground of encouragement to the society to renew, continue and extend its operations among the inhabitants of Africa, who, though whelmed in as deep ignorance, depravity, and wretchedness, as any people on the surface of the globe, are not beyond the reach of immeasurable grace, nor excluded from all interest in the unlimited promise of God, that "all shall know him from the least even unto the greatest."—The wheels of time, with unabating velocity, roll on, and bear these immortal beings, unpardoned, unsanctified, without Christ, and without hope, to the place of their eternal abode, when a definitive seal is put upon their characters—"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still."—Whatever, then, can be done for the salvation of the present generation, ought to be done with as little delay as possible.—Can we hesitate—can we linger, when a work of inconceivable importance claims our attention and exertions?

In view of the deplorable condition of the native population, the speedy revival and establishment of our African Mission appears to be a most desirable object. But a formidable difficulty is presented. It is said that three of our beloved missionaries have already fallen as victims to the pestilential climate of Africa; and why should other precious lives be sacrificed?—But it may be answered, that there is not conclusive evidence that our lamented brethren and sister came to their death by the common African fever. They had suffered indeed under that fever; but were, in a good degree, restored to health. It is evident from the letter of Mr. Laird, that Mr. Cloud died of dysentery; and from the letter of Mr. Pinney, that this was the fact; and that Mr. and Mrs. Laird died of the same disease. This malady is not peculiar to Africa. It frequently prevails in the most healthy districts of the United States, and is attended with great mortality. Last summer, within a circle of ten or twelve miles in diameter, in a very salubrious part of our country, this disease, by an occasional visit, proved destructive to the lives of about forty individuals. Did survivors, on this account, abandon their habitations and seek a place of perpetual exemption from its inroads? No; they wisely continued to occupy the places of their past residence, and have as reasonable prospects of escaping this and other diseases, in future, as the inhabitants of adjacent districts, who generally enjoy the most excellent health.—It is not denied, that Liberia has been subject to fevers, which have terminated fatally to many white emigrants from foreign countries. But this does not prove that it will always be equally subject to the same diseases. Many portions of the Valley of the Mississippi, at their early settlement, were subject to autumnal fevers, very destructive to human life; but since these districts have been well cultivated and improved, the ordinary local causes of disease, have been, in a good measure, removed, and the inhabitants now generally enjoy health little inferior to that which is experienced in the more elevated or mountainous regions of our country. This is more generally predicable of those who have been acclimated by a residence of several years in the places where they settled.—If the agriculture of Liberia were systematized, extended and carried to that degree of perfection of which the soil is capable; marshes drained and converted into meadows, or arable fields for the production of grain; comfortable habitations erected, and well ventilated; local causes of disease, as far as practicable, removed; and moral causes, especially intemperance and irregular living, guarded against with the utmost strictness and assiduity; it is confidently believed that the territory of Liberia would rarely be subjected to the desolating effects of malignant diseases. Under the blessing of heaven, missionary operations might be pursued with vigour and effect, and extended within and without the limits of the colony; schools established for the instruction of children, and adult persons who might be induced to attend; houses of worship erected and filled with the native inhabitants and others, convened to render homage to Jehovah and hear the gospel of salvation, through the atonement of Him who died on the cross for the redemption of sinners.

But if it could be ascertained, that, on account of the unwholesomeness of the climote, a mission cannot now be sustained in the colony of Liberia or in the vicinity, this would not be a sufficient reason for abandoning our African Mission.—This mission was never located at Monrovia, as some seem to suppose. In August of last year, the Executive Committee "resolved to form, as speedily as practicable, *two* stations—one in the Bassa country, and one at King Sou's town;" neither of which is in the territory of Liberia, though not beyond its influence. They are both on the coast, and the latter is sixty miles east of Monrovia.—For aught that appears, one or both of these positions, already selected, may be occupied by missionaries of the society, if men can be found, in sufficient numbers, and with such zeal and fortitude as will animate and strengthen them to rise above the fear of suffering and even of death; and engage in the work, with the hope of being instrumental in honouring God, and of turning sinners of the Gentiles "from darkness to light."—But if it should not be deemed expedient, at present, to occupy either of these positions with a missionary establishment through apprehensions of the insalubrity of the climate, let it be remembered that there are numerous other places on that continent where new missions might be established, without any ground of alarm on account of malignant fevers. This is abundantly evident from the extracts in the first article of the present number of the Chronicle, which we have made from a London magazine. From these it is manifest, that there is an extensive field for missionary labour in Africa; that many missions have been established—long continued and greatly blessed of God. Healthful positions, on elevated ground, not previously occupied, may certainly be found by exploration, or correspondence with intelligent men who have long been engaged in missionary operations on parts of that continent. And may we not indulge the hope that many young ambassadors for Christ will consecrate themselves to the Lord in the missionary work, and go speedily over to take possession of some portion of the field; cheerfully willing to spend and be spent, to live or die, in their efforts to build up the kingdom of Christ in lands of Pagan darkness? MINIMUS.

A CALL FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Address of Rev. Josiah Brewer, to the Theological Students in connexion with the Western Foreign Missionary Society.

Smyrna, March 4, 1834.

Dear Brethren in Christ,—With meekness, and simplicity, and affection, permit me to commune with you on the selection of a field, in your contemplated entrance upon the ministry of reconciliation.

That part of your favoured land in which your lot is cast, has, beyond all question, some peculiar claims upon you. The tide of population, which sets continually from the Atlantic States to the broad valley of the Mississippi, carries not now upon its bosom so many of the means of grace as were wont in former times to crown the less waves of emigration, that reached only the foot of the Green Mountains and the Alleghenies. Would that a thousand devoted servants of our Lord were ready at this moment to go through the length and breadth of what seems destined, in the providence of God, to be the very centre of the most important Christian nation of the earth. Look well around you therefore, dear brethren, on our own American moral wastes, and see to it that your priests and Levites leave not the wounded and perishing to look, perhaps in vain, for some good Samaritan to have pity upon them.

But, my brethren, may it not also be said to you, "*The field is the world?*" It is not the men of a single district, or country, or continent, who need the gospel;—"The *world* lieth in wickedness," and there is no other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus; and of Him, "how shall they hear without a preacher?" The souls of those, too, who dwell on the banks of the Ganges, or by the golden-sanded streams of Africa, or the remoter waters of the Missouri, or around the classic Hermus and Cayster, are as priceless as the immortal minds whose season of probation is passed beside the Ohio and Mississippi. Consider well, then, to what part of the great moral vineyard the Householder bids you go forth. On the one hand, let not any concealed feeling of romance or ambition call you away to foreign lands; nor, on the other, permit an equally disguised love of ease and outward comforts to confine you to some quiet and pleasant parish at home.

That you should experience some inward struggles of feeling and be tried by outward difficulties, in settling the question of duty, I can well conceive. If, however, you can say in the sincerity of your hearts, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I am abundantly sure, you will be guided aright. Approaching the subject with the same spirit which, I trust, actuated that first youthful martyr, Barr, in the cause of Foreign Missions, I shall expect that some of you will be content to find your graves amid these scenes of Primitive Christianity.

Suffer me, then, in a few words, to invite your attention to this particular field of labour, from whence it is my privilege to address you. It is now little more than four years since I sat down in this city, with only one other Protestant missionary in the whole of Asia Minor; and now we are scarcely one to each million of its inhabitants. Every day's experience, during these years, and every week's report, has, on the whole, continually shown the necessity and the encouragement for missionary labour. What then should hinder a great effort to send us on the part of America, a missionary, for at least every 100,000 perishing souls? And why should not one half of this number, say 30 or 35, come from your wealthy region of the west? Come then, dear brethren, let a whole generation of theological students, whose health and circumstances permit, arise and bid adieu to the land of your fathers' sepulchres, and, with the spirit of Paul and John, labour in the region where these beloved disciples of the Lord first planted the gospel! Go in a body to the fathers of your western churches, and say, "Here are we; send us" to Smyrna, and Pergamos, and Philadelphia, and Colosse, and Iconium, and Derbe, and Lystra, and Antioch in Pisidia, and Galatia; and fear not that you will be told the treasury of the Lord is empty and cannot be replenished. Hasten too, before the few now in the field shall faint beneath "the burden and the heat of the day," and before other millions of Mahometans and Jews, of Greeks and Armenians, shall follow the benighted and guilty generations that have preceded them into the eternal world. Come, with that tender compassion for sinners, and devotedness to the service of the Saviour, which are indispensable alike for him who proclaims the words of eternal life, whether in his own or a foreign land. Come in the belief, that up to a certain extent, (and that much greater than we are likely to witness at present in numbers) the missionary who goes abroad does as much good indirectly at home, as if he had remained there; for "there is that scattereth, and yet increaseth;" and "he that watereth, shall be watered again." Come, however, with moderate expectations of immediate visible success; remembering also the apostle's record, "Confirming the souls of the saints, and that through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven;" and calling to mind the epistle to the church in Smyrna, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Thus, brethren, though I have not stopped accurately to weigh my language, I have

conveyed to you, I trust, the feelings of my heart. The Lord guide you into a decision on this important subject, which will be remembered in the great day when all this ransomed people and all the lost shall be gathered before him.

Excuse the freedom of your brother in the Lord,

JOSIAH BREWER.

Mr. Brewer, in addressing the Corresponding Secretary of the Western Foreign Missionary Society, says, "For Asia Minor, send us, *as soon as possible*, at least half a dozen young men. I also earnestly recommend Salonica and European Turkey, as an unoccupied field, for two or three others to enter upon immediately."

View of Public Affairs.

EUROPE.

The latest advices from Europe are from London of the 28th of July, and from Paris of the 26th of the same month.

BRITAIN.—The most important article of news that has reached us from Britain in the course of last month, relates to the dissolution of the Grey ministry. It appears to have been occasioned, or precipitated, by his coadjutor, Lord Althorp, in the House of Commons, being driven, if we understand the published statement, to a resignation of his office, by an honourable obligation to conceal certain cabinet transactions growing out of communications from Ireland, the purport of which had transpired, and which he was obliged to withhold. Yet after occasioning the resignation of the Premier, he consented to take, under the new arrangement, the office he had resigned. Lord Grey was overcome by his feelings, and had to sit down, after beginning an explanation in the House of Lords, of the causes of his resignation. He, however, soon recovered, and made a full statement. His friends are raising a subscription, to present Lady Grey with a statue of her husband. His successor as premier is Lord Melbourne. The other changes in the cabinet, as Lord Althorp has resumed his former place, are not important. Great doubts are entertained of the stability of this cabinet; but while it continues, the measures pursued by that which it replaces will apparently not be materially changed—The prospect of a favourable and abundant harvest in Britain was flattering—In Ireland, Dublin is suffering a dreadful visitation by the cholera; and riots of a very disastrous kind, still distract the country generally.

FRANCE.—A change has also taken place in the cabinet of France. Marshal Soult has resigned his office as president of the Council of State, and Marshal Gerard has been appointed in his place. This has caused some dissatisfaction, especially in the army. It is rumoured that the Grand Senior is about to demand the surrender to him of the present French colony of Algiers, as being a part of his dominion; and that the French are willing to rid themselves of the burden of maintaining it—This, however, is apocryphal—The French Chambers will not meet for business till January. The king is on his southern tour.

SPAIN.—The cholera is ravaging several parts of Spain. The capital has suffered greatly, and the Queen and court have left it. At its first appearance, the populace, as in Hungary and some other places, imputed it to the poisoning of the fountains. The monks and friars became the objects of suspicion, and an infuriated mob assailed several convents and monasteries, and sacrificed a number of Jesuits, as the objects of their vengeance. The military force interposed and quelled the rioters, after killing a few—The Cortes were to assemble at Madrid at the appointed time, 24th of July, notwithstanding the cholera; and the Queen regent was to open the meeting in person. Don Carlos, it appears, escaped from England in disguise, and passed through France, staying two days in Paris, and reached the northern part of Spain, and was received with great enthusiasm by his partisans and military chiefs. His first residence was Elisondo, whence he issued a proclamation, which is given at large in the papers. His army, and that of the Queen regent, under General Rodil, were near each other, and a bloody battle was soon expected. In the mean time, a sanguinary action had taken place between two opposite corps on the main road to Madrid, which had occasioned the stopping of the mail. An agent of Don Carlos, who was negotiating a loan for him in Paris, has been arrested and committed to prison.

PORTUGAL.—Don Pedro has been dangerously ill with fever and blood spitting, but at the date of the last accounts was thought to be convalescent. Report says, that his quarrel with the Pope is likely to be compromised—The Pope is afraid of losing him altogether. The Portuguese Cortes were soon to meet. Don Miguel, it appears, is a wanderer: where he will settle is uncertain. Rome is now mentioned as not improbably the place in which he will take up his residence.

The foregoing statements, made on what were believed to be the most recent intelligence from Europe, are somewhat modified, especially as relates to Don Carlos, by an unexpected arrival—We give the articles as we find them in the papers of the day —They are of the date of July 30 and 31.

The Irish Coercion Bill has passed the House of Lords. It produced a long and interesting debate, but the opponents of the measure did not press a division. The Lord Chancellor, in the course of the debate, stated the singular fact, that Earl Grey had, in the course of the last six months, made no less than six attempts to resign; and he appealed to his colleagues, whether more assiduous efforts had ever been made by one set of men connected with another in the same cabinet to retain one man among them, than had been made to prevent Earl Grey from resigning. The cholera is said to have broken out in London. The weather had been very hot. The House of Commons had gone into committee on the Irish Tithe Bill, notwithstanding the opposition to it of Mr. O'Connell and the other Irish members. Sir John Cam Hobhouse had been elected member for Nottingham, by a large majority, over the radical candidate. It would seem that some doubt still exists as to the presence of Don Carlos in Spain. That he has left England we suppose there can be no doubt. On the 29th of July the following conversation took place in the House of Lords. The Marquis of Londonderry said he wished to ask the Noble Lord at the head of his Majesty's government, whether any authentic information had been received of Don Carlos's arrival in Spain. Viscount Melbourne said some information had been received of Don Carlos, but it was of a nature that could not be relied upon. The Marquis of Londonderry then gave notice that on Monday next he should submit a motion to the House relating to the foreign policy of the country, particularly in regard to France, Spain and Portugal. The news from Spain throws no additional light on the state of affairs in that country. The cholera, it would seem, has prevailed with frightful violence in the Spanish capital. We neither see any thing particularly worthy of comment from France, or any other part of the continent. Greece would appear to be in a very distracted state under its new king, and affords another instance of the ill effects which result from giving to a country, institutions of a character for which the state of society existing there, renders it unfit.

AFFAIRS AT MADRID.—The riots at Madrid, on the 17th and 18th of July, had not been renewed. The number of Jesuits killed at the convent of San Isidor, is stated at from 19 to 22. In the Franciscan convent of San Tomas, a still greater number was killed. A number of other convents were afterwards visited, but the doors of all of them having been instantly thrown open, the mob contented themselves with plunder—The same was true of the great convent in Calle de Aocha, which was sacked on the 18th. The fury of the mob appears to have been directed solely against the monks.

The French government had received a telegraphic despatch from Bayonne, containing intelligence from Madrid of 22d inst. which had reached Bayonne by courier. Tranquillity continued to reign in Madrid. All the authorities, civil and military, had been changed in consequence of the excesses which had taken place within the three preceding days. The Queen was expected on the 24th, and would open the Cortes in person. Preparatory meetings of the members of both chambers took place on the 20th and 21st, at each of which the best spirit was manifested. The cholera still continued, but appeared to diminish in intensity.

Madrid, July 18.—When I closed my letter of the 15th, I did not expect the fearful picture I gave of the situation of Madrid, that the reality would have so far surpassed it. The returns, which were made up at eleven that night, announced no less than 260 deaths, and 500 new cases of cholera, and though yesterday and to-day the numbers are less fearful, the disease still labours with malignity, and not an hour passes but scores are hurried to their last homes. Yesterday the deaths were 150—this day the list is not made out. The few medical men that Madrid affords are hurried from place to place, without being able to give effectual assistance to any, and I know members of rich and respectable families who have died before a physician could be found.

July 29.—I am sorry to say that my kind friend Mrs. Van Ness is numbered among the dead. Her spirit parted from the body at 3 this morning. Never was there a more amiable and high minded lady; charitable, sweet tempered, beloved by her family, she sinks into the grave in a land of strangers, at the moment she was preparing to return to her own home, and that family to whom she was a blessing, and whose absence from her has long been the occasion of her secret grief. Her husband is deeply stricken. She died in his arms, having received the attention of numerous friends, and the assistance of the best physicians.—Heaven has received her soul. The many who loved her will long deplore her loss. Her remains will be buried in the consecrated ground belonging to the British embassy. The government has not published returns of the dead to-day, but the number is much less than yesterday, and the full malignity of the disease is for the present suspended. The deaths yesterday were 100, as I hear, but I have no accurate return.